

WINNERS IN THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY CONTEST

MAY 2,
1936

Liberty 5¢

CAN OUR
GOVERNMENT
SURVIVE?

by

WILLIAM E. BORAH

WHY DID
YOU KILL
ME?

By BRUNO
RICHARD
HAUPTMANN

*His Last Words
Hitherto Unpublished*



THE SPIDER'S EYE—A POEM OF THE G-MEN, by Dr. John

Frederic C. ...

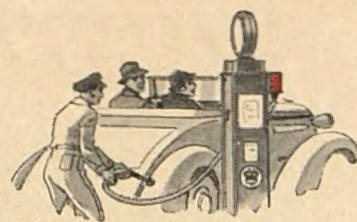
Cures for spring fever:

marbles for kids-Ethyl for cars

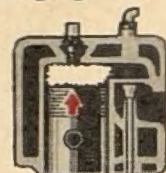


HOW TO PUT SPRING IN YOUR CAR

(Only 37 seconds to read)



Your car cannot run without gasoline. Your engine develops power only by compressing and "firing" gas.



The more gasoline is compressed before it is "fired," the greater the power each cylinder develops.



Gasoline which fails under compression causes a "pinging" sound when you accelerate or take a grade. Called "knock," this means *loss* of power and *waste* of gas.

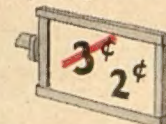


To make gasoline stand higher compression, most oil companies add anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. Special gasoline for highest compression is sold at pumps marked "Ethyl."



At "Ethyl" pumps you get:

- Enough fluid to bring out all the power of the high compression engines of modern cars—and to put new life in older cars.
- ✓✓ All-round quality that is doubly checked—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.



Down to 2c a gallon over regular gasoline—and 'way up above it in anti-knock value.



Get more power from each gallon you buy! Make the most of your car-investment!

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

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Billions Lost in Blunders— The Fiasco of Farm Relief!

THE New Deal has preached "abundance." It has held out the promise of "a more abundant life" for all. This is a glamorous idea and the theory of it won wide favor.

But if our people are to have a richer—and presumably more healthful—life, then surely a fundamental of it must be an adequate and proper food supply. A food supply also which is within reach of the pocketbooks of workers.

An examination of it shows that, instead of creating "abundance," the agricultural policies of the present administration have created scarcity. It can be demonstrated further that the AAA policies have:

1. Given away foreign markets for our farm products.
2. Reduced the home markets for our farmers.
3. Caused unemployment on farms and elsewhere.
4. Vastly increased importation of foodstuffs into the world's leading agricultural country.

Thus giving jobs away to foreigners, who now grow, process, and ship food for our consumption.

Through destruction of animals and crops, and subsequent restriction, "scarcity prices" have been created; especially for the more vital, health-giving foods.

Finally, this has caused a constant search for cheaper foods by budget-troubled housewives. Necessarily there has been a shift by many millions from high-vitality foods to a diet too largely composed of starches, cereals, and sugars. It is estimated that fifty million Americans have been forced on a low or "subsistence" diet.

These things are debits of the AAA policies which, in practice, have proved to be a gigantic blunder in judgment.

The substitute legislation will not merely continue AAA policies under another name: it will *expand* them. It does not provide merely for continued control over a dozen crops: it is designed to apply bureaucratic control to *all* crops. It does not provide merely for restricted production by and bounty to two million farmers—the number who were under contract: it would extend regimentation to *all* farmers, *all* farms, *all* land upon which food can be grown.

Advocates of "planned economy" have made a gigantic blunder—one of the greatest in governmental history.

It cost us a billion dollars, directly, in processing taxes.

It cost us an incalculable sum, high in the billions, in "scarcity prices" levied against every family budget.

The starting point of this New Deal experiment was an actual surplus in wheat and cotton. The philosophy of destruction and restriction began with these. Here, it was contended, was an emergency, for which emergency measures—plowing under crops and restriction of acreage—should be used.

But the AAA did not solve the wheat and cotton problems, nor was it responsible for the leap in prices of these commodities. Their prices are set in the world markets. The prices of wheat and cotton leaped when the dollar was devalued to fifty-nine cents—quite simply, because the world had to pay more of these "cheaper"



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

dollars for them. Second, the AAA did not solve the wheat-surplus problem. Nature did that, by drying up approximately 30,000,000 acres of unfit dry lands unsuitable for wheat, but which had been producing the wheat surplus. Third, the AAA did not solve the cotton problem. Here again we had a problem because cotton also was—and is—grown on unfit land, upon which it can never be grown regularly at a profit. But, instead of removing this "marginal" land from cultivation, the AAA reduced *all* acreage. Moreover, by high-valuation loans, the price in "fifty-nine-cent

dollars" was upheld and advanced, at levels higher than the world would pay; and we began losing to Brazil and the Argentine and other areas a large section of the foreign market which had been taking nearly 60 per cent of our crop.

That is the true AAA record regarding the two major crops whose problems caused the initiation of AAA policies.

But, except in some quite minor instances, there was no surplus in other food crops. There was no great abundance of foodstuffs in America. There was no warrant or excuse for the killing of little pigs, cattle, and sheep; for the plowing under of crops and the restriction in production of food animals and field crops. Yet, in a land whose people had been promised "a more abundant life," production of various foodstuffs was reduced 20 to 30 per cent!

There is a booklet of the Department of Agriculture which was issued in 1933 and known as Circular 296. It represented years of study—very painstaking study—regarding what should constitute proper diet: for a mother in her home; a man at hard labor; a skilled mechanic; for men and women at desks; for children—all groups. Consideration was given also to what proportion there should be of the essentials of food—vitamins, minerals, proteins, carbohydrates, etc.

In this study, then, there was drawn up a listing of various foodstuffs, in pounds per year, necessary to provide different types of diet for individual Americans. Four were listed: Emergency Diet, 959; Minimum Cost, 1,233; Moderate, 1,655; Liberal Diet, 1,819 pounds of food, respectively. These differed not alone in poundage: each successive one contained larger proportions of the better foods—such as butter, milk, vegetables, eggs, and meat—and proportionately less of the fats, starches, and sugars.

For the whole nation of 125,000,000 foodstuff needs were estimated:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Liberal Diet | 227,450,000,000 pounds |
| 2. Moderate | 206,875,000,000 pounds |
| 3. Minimum Cost | 154,125,000,000 pounds |
| 4. Emergency Diet | 119,875,000,000 pounds |

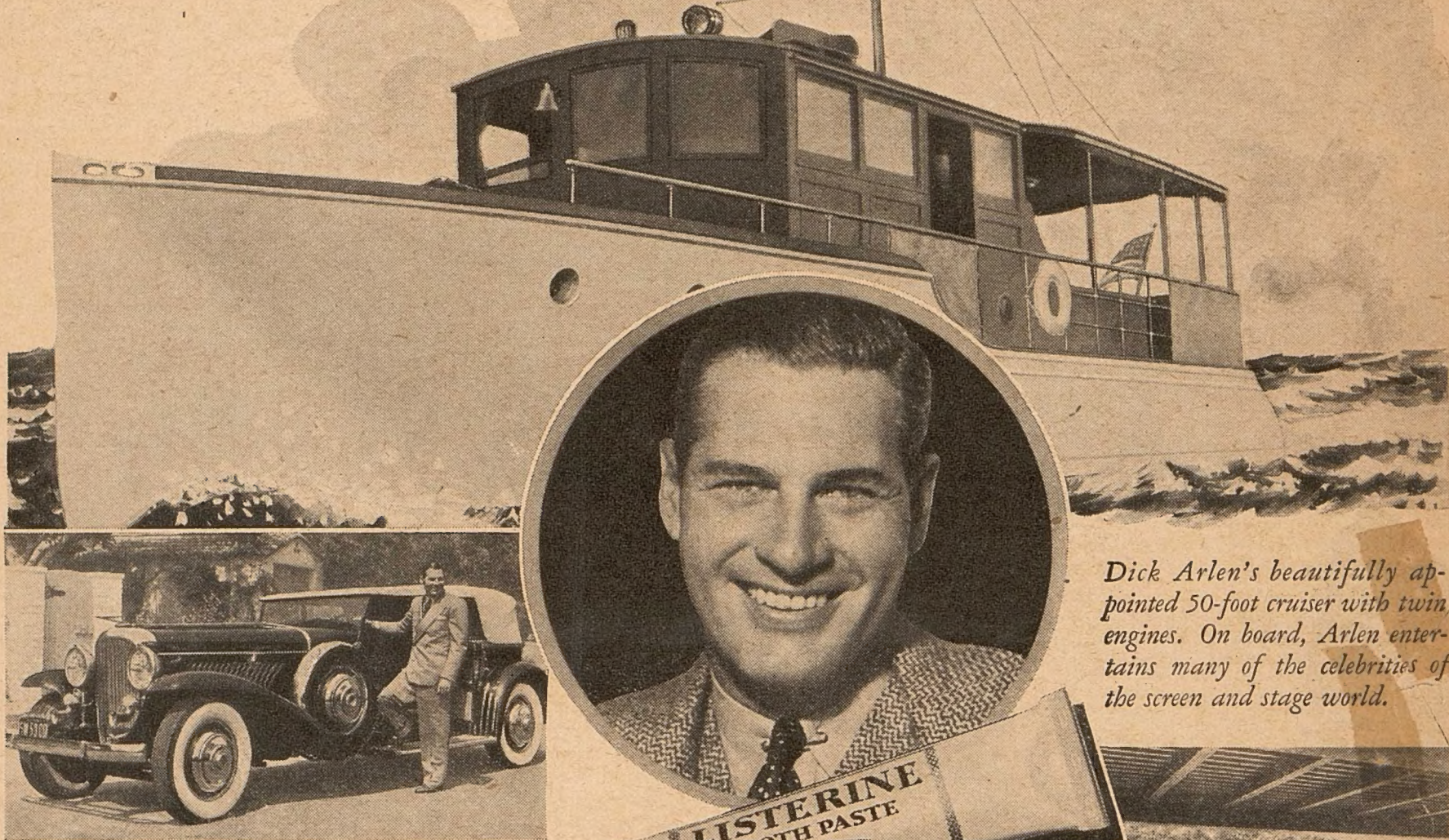
There is an obvious wide variation here.

But a study of our food production as reported in the last census—covering the farm year 1929, which was a very good farm year—reveals an amazing situation—and one about which the theoretical planners knew nothing.

Surrounded by LUXURIES..

he spends only

25¢ for his TOOTHPASTE



Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 50-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.

Dick Arlen's Duesenberg with its special body. Arlen is one of the best drivers in California.

Richard Arlen says: "I like a dentifrice that has substance and body to it... one that does a good job of cleansing... particularly when it comes to removing discoloration. Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE."

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

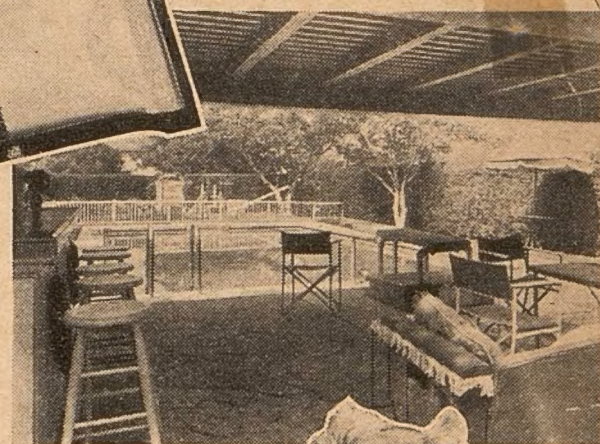
Why not give your teeth the same

Keeping fit is a religion with Dick Arlen. Every day finds him in the pool on his estate on Toluca Lake, California.

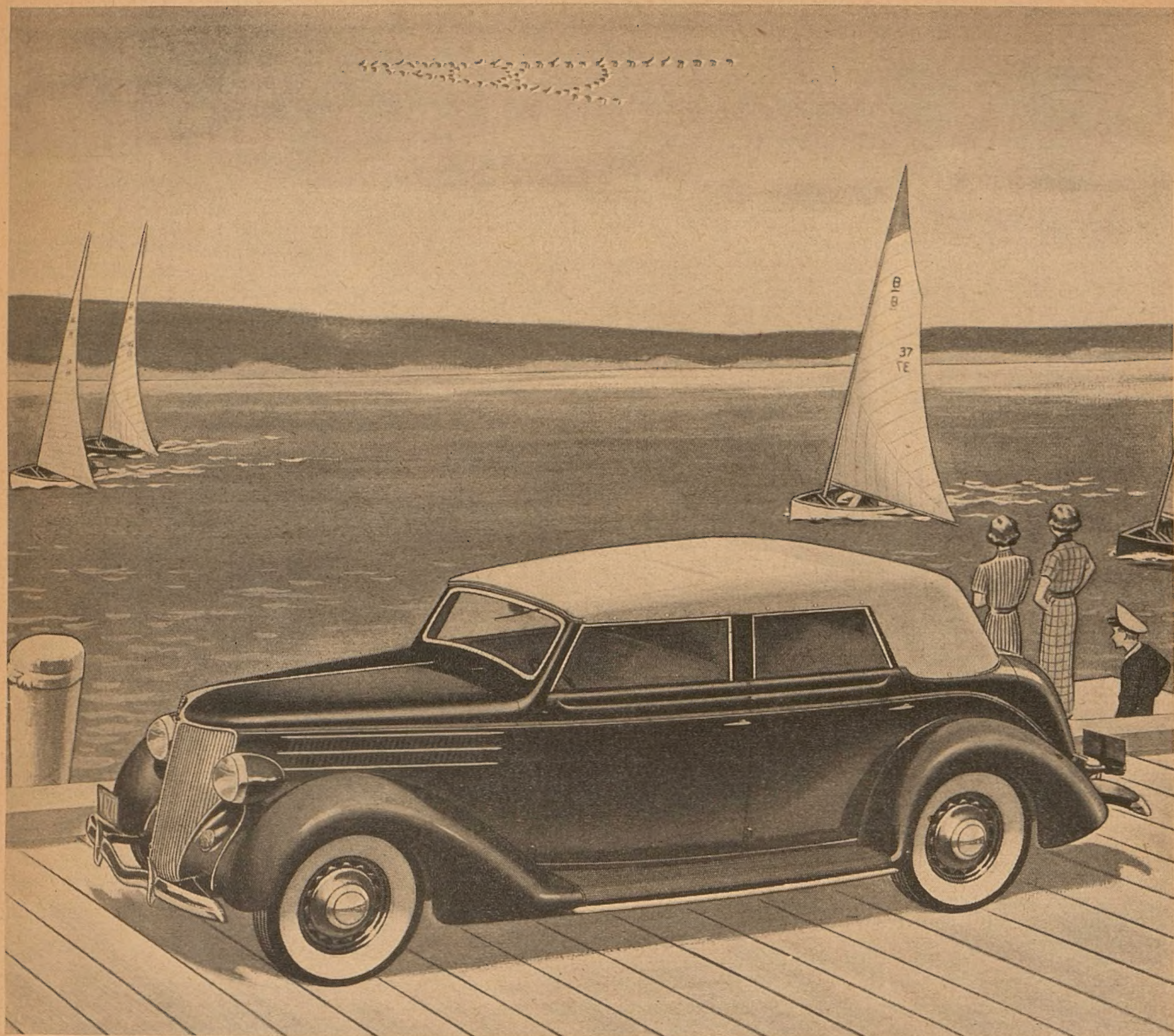
wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans... See how it erases stubborn discolorations... See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine... And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it... It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Richard Arlen's pet Schnauzer, "Lucky," valued conservatively at \$2,500 and the son of a champion.



V-8 Is The Mark Of The Modern Car

The Ford is an exceptionally good car to drive because it is so dependable and easy to handle. That has always been so. These days there is still another reason for its ever-widening popularity—it is a thoroughly modern car. The Ford is as up-to-date in performance, comfort and safety as in appearance and appointment. Here are some modern features of the Ford . . . V-8 ENGINE (fine-car acceleration, power and smoothness—increased motoring enjoyment). . . . CENTER-POISE RIDING (greater comfort, front and rear—you ride near the center of the car instead of over the axles). . . . SAFETY GLASS all around at no extra cost (an important reason why the Ford is such a safe car to drive). . . . NEW STEEL WHEELS (distinctive design—big tires). . . . COMPLETE LINE OF BODIES (seventeen types, including new Convertible Sedan with trunk, illustrated above).

FORD V-8 FOR 1936

\$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON NEW UCC ½ PER CENT PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS

In a big crop year we failed, *by forty billion pounds*, to produce foodstuffs enough to provide for 125,000,000 Americans what the Department of Agriculture itself calls a "liberal diet"! Our food production was nearly *twenty billion pounds* below the total required for a "moderate" diet!

It has been estimated, further, that after following for three years policies of destruction and reduction, this "richest agricultural nation" grew and raised for itself in 1935 a food supply only about fifteen billion pounds in excess of the total which Department of Agriculture figures specify for an "emergency diet"!

The figures here given find full corroboration at the counters of your grocer and butcher and in the budget troubles of nearly all households. As demand exceeded supply, two things happened:

First: Prices skyrocketed. No need to dwell on that when, for the greatest meat eaters in the world, meat has become a luxury; and when there has been great increase in the production of oleomargarine because butter is so high; and when millions have had to turn away from the foods richest in vitamins and proteins, foods which build red corpuscles, which contribute to vigor and vitality.

Second: Out of sheer necessity, we had to send our market basket to the doorways of foreign farmhouses.

Oats were burned in a Kansas field, and we increased our importation of oats *fifty-fold*. Tens of thousands of rich cornfields of the Middle West grew weeds—by order of AAA officialdom; and during the first seven months of 1935 we increased our importation of corn by 8,460 per cent!

Our butter imports were multiplied by seventy-four. Bacon disappeared from breakfast tables.

We lost 80 per cent of our foreign lard market, increased imports of lard seventy-three times and importation of ham and bacon by more than 300 per cent.

Ours is a great wheat country. We restricted acreage. Our exports dropped a full 80 per cent and imports were multiplied by thirteen.

By the extent to which importation of foodstuffs increased, our farmers were losing their domestic markets. The decline of exportation of farm products means, quite simply, that farmers of other nations are to that extent taking over the job our farmers were doing in helping to feed the world.

This "double loss," as shown clearly by the Department of Commerce reports for the first seven months of 1935, as compared with the same period for 1934, can be translated readily into terms of acres, on a basis of average yield on American farms.

For the growing and raising *here*—for consumption here and abroad—for markets which AAA policies had *given away*, 13,258,000 acres would have been required.

By its agriculture policies the present administration has handed jobs to foreigners. By these policies the administration has *caused unemployment* within the United States.

The unemployment on the farms caused by reductions of from 10 to 30 per cent in farm activity has been estimated at one million. There are areas in which startling increases in the numbers of farm laborers on relief were reported following initiation of the crop-restriction policies. But this tells only a part of the story. As an example, hog slaughter in 1934 had been reduced by 30,000,000 from the pre-AAA average. Fewer trains hauled the hogs, 40,000 fewer employees were used in slaughterhouses. Again, fewer trains hauled the processed product; fewer truckmen delivered it; fewer butchers sold it.

Consequently it has been estimated that, while the nation struggled with the problem of unemployment, AAA policies in all probability *reduced* employment by nearly three million jobs!

There appear to have been three motives behind the recent struggle by AAA leadership to continue and expand its policies:

1. Those who have watched and studied the development of the AAA continuously state that time after time, when some experimental adventure has failed, a flurry of brand-new planning—always well publicized—has been started in order to "cover up" the mistake. They assert that the same tactics are being used now, on a larger scale.

2. The more Socialistic element of the present administration—and no one knows where it begins or ends—has determined that farm regimentation must march on, even closer ranked. The new plan of so-called "farm relief" therefore goes beyond the AAA: the Secretary of Agriculture is to have dictatorship over *all* farmers.

3. Practical politicians within the New Deal are determined to keep intact at all costs one of the most amazing "political machines" ever built up in this country—one which operates without cost to the party using it.

People of the cities have known nothing of this machine. Our farmers know it.

Under the AAA there has been built up in rural America something comparable to a city precinct political organization. Under county chiefs, there are 115,000 township committeemen, in most cases about five to a township throughout our 3,000 agricultural counties. These committeemen, handing around to farmers copies of political speeches by Roosevelt, Wallace, Tugwell, and others, have been the "enforcement" organization of the AAA. They have also—usually in groups of two, three, or four—exerted "pressure" upon individual farmers to induce them to sign up (voluntarily) for destruction and restriction. Even with the lure of bounty checks, it has been difficult to convert the American farmer and turn him from creation of wealth to destruction of it.

Our agricultural machine is a huge and complicated thing. Once thrown out of gear, and in so many places, it cannot possibly be restored quickly to balanced functioning. Some constructive suggestions as to what seems to be needed follow:

Assist farmers in some way in an attempt to recapture foreign markets.

Take marginal lands—unfit lands—out of production, where this is *known* to be necessary to eliminate *known* surpluses. But let's *know*.

Strive for soil conservation, prevention of erosion, etc., along lines now in practice in many states.

Let the farmer run his own business. He knows how. Stop regimentation.

Cancel any reciprocity treaties which lower farm-product tariffs or permit cheap foreign labor to undersell our farmers.

Try to develop new markets by learning what farms can grow that can be used industrially. Farms should produce for the factory as well as for the table.

Eliminate—or halt until we *know* what we're doing—reclamation projects designed to increase farm lands while we've been paying farmers to let thistles grow.

Encourage farmer-owned co-operatives. They benefit both farmer and consumer, cutting waste and expense in distribution. This is the only measure that will bring the farmers the prosperity they seek. So equipped, farmers can then compete with organized industry and organized labor.

Get rid of the bureaucrats.

Get rid of the administration responsible for this gigantic blunder, harmful to farm and city dweller alike.

Pernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

CAN OUR GOVERNMENT SURVIVE?

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

THE most important, and perhaps the most difficult, problem immediately in front of us as a government and as a nation is related to our foreign policy: What shall be our relation to foreign powers and what course shall we pursue in a world again deeply stirred with national antipathies and arming as never before in peacetime history?

Our domestic problems seem more pressing just now and difficult enough. But, serious as they are and complex and imminent as they seem to be, they may at any time become secondary to our foreign problems. The taxes we are now paying will seem small and the debts we are now piling up, to rest like a leaden weight upon the energy and the aspirations of future generations, will seem light and inconsequential compared to the taxes we shall be called upon to meet and the debts we shall recklessly incur should another war in major proportions occur in Europe and should we designedly, or haphazardly, become a participant in the same. All tax exemptions would be wiped out, all talk of debt limit would cease, and the people from top to bottom would be yoked to years of drudgery, to say nothing of the loss of life, the maimed and crippled and insane which follow as an aftermath.

I doubt very much if our form of government would survive our participation in another great war. It might survive in name, but another war would leave us in fact very little of our old republic. Those who are now fostering centralization of power and seeking in different ways to justify arbitrary government would, in case of war, receive that support which would enable them to succeed in their nefarious plan.

And even more disastrous would be the effect upon the home-building and home-loving traits of our people. War is at enmity with everything which makes for peace and contentment and good citizenship. Our whole future as a government, as a self-governing people, depends very largely upon our foreign policy. In every way it comes home to the people, shaping their course and determining their political and economic destiny.

Our foreign policy is no longer a thing which diplomats alone may plan, a game for the upper regions of governmental action. It reaches down and takes hold of the daily living of all, the humblest and the greatest, the rich and the poor, but especially the poor. They can escape neither its field service nor its economic effect. The impact of war is always upon the poorer classes.

As I pen these lines the Locarno Pact is being terminated. The status quo of the Versailles Treaty comes to an end, and Germany again takes up her "watch on



BY

WILLIAM E. BORAH

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM IDAHO

WAR, COMMUNISM, FASCISM THREATEN,
SAYS AN EMINENT STATESMAN. THEIR
PERILS ARE REAL AND IMMINENT;
ONLY WISE VIGILANCE CAN SAVE US

the Rhine." The peace structure built up since the war is practically a wreck. Peoples and nations move back into old channels and accept the principles and policies which obtained "before the war." The action of Japan in Manchuria, the war between Italy and Ethiopia, and now the termination of the Locarno Pact, leave the League a mere adjunct of the French and British policy, to be used, or not used, as national interests shall dictate.

Under these circumstances, if it was not plain before, it should be plain now that our policy should be one of neutrality toward all European or foreign controversies. The policy which served us well for more than a century seems our wisest policy for the future. No policy can be relied upon as a guaranty of peace or an assurance against war. But a policy of neutrality is the best guaranty and the greatest assurance we can have.

Those who have panaceas for war are like those who have panaceas for our economic ills—they may be well-meaning, and generally are. But in everything, whether war possibilities or economic ills, we cannot with safety ignore reality or wholly disregard the experiences of the past. Under present conditions throughout the world there can be no assurance on the question of peace. We can do no more than to pursue a course which both reason and experience dictate as the course most likely to avoid war.

When a nation offers to all nations alike, peace, commerce, and honest friendship, it has offered a policy of peace, and all nations which want peace will view it in that light. Beyond that it is unwise for us to go. Beyond that are the interests and ambitions of other nations, from which we should always stand apart.

In framing our foreign policy, looking to the future, we ought not to overlook the fact that traditions and policies which have become involved with the moral and intellectual fiber of a people, their mode of living, the institutions they have reared at great cost of money and blood, cannot lightly be rejected or put aside. The American people want to live in peace, they have their own problems, and they want to be neutral as to controversies between all other powers.

It must be conceded that it is not an easy thing for a nation to pursue a policy of neutrality. In every conceivable way interested nations and selfish private interests, both at home and abroad, to say nothing of those who act from idealistic motives—all these forces will at all times be active to break down a policy of neutrality.

THERE are many things which may be done through legislation and administration to protect a neutral policy and to mitigate the effects of propaganda. But, after all, there is no real guaranty against such things other than the vigilance, the intelligence, and the patriotism of the people. We should be on guard at all times and not again permit our outlook to be clouded by the assertions of selfish interests.

The happenings in Europe make it impossible to foresee, or even to prophesy, with any degree of assurance what may be just ahead. Hitler, in his remarkable speech of March 7, terminating the Locarno Pact and repossessing the demilitarized zone, declared: "That peace, which as once intended was to be the final stone laid on the cover of the tomb of war, developed into a dragon's seed for new struggles. Wherever we have looked since then we have experienced the flaring up of domestic and foreign troubles. Not a year has passed during which, since then, the roar of arms hasn't been audible, instead of the chimes of peace, somewhere upon this earth."

This is perhaps not an exaggeration. It is almost a duplication of the picture presented by world conditions when this government was organized and when its wise leaders put forth our foreign policy. Our great task is to preserve our constitutional democracy. So long as we pursue policies effective to that end, we cannot be charged with selfishness, because we are rendering the greatest service to humanity any nation can render. So



long as we pursue a policy which preserves our Western civilization, built up under constitutional rule, we are serving in the end the cause of peace and the cause of human liberty.

Next in line of thought when considering the task before us is the preservation of our free institutions. There is sweeping over the world a malign spirit of antagonism to liberty and to constitutional democracy. If there are those who would oppose all changes in our federal Constitution, I do not share their views. I doubt indeed if there are any, certainly not many, who take that position. But the great and delicate task in dealing with the question of change is to see to it that the fundamental principles of our constitutional system are preserved.

Proposals have been made which would be utterly destructive to our system of free government and would in the end result in curtailing, if not utterly destroying, the liberty of the citizen. The proposal has been seriously made to destroy the sovereignty of the states with reference to their internal affairs. Without the principle of home rule, without the right and power of the people to control and determine their local affairs, free government would utterly perish in the United States. In home rule is found the wellsprings of personal liberty.

Once it has become the established rule to govern the people in their daily affairs from Washington, not only would the interest of the citizen in public affairs die out, but the citizen would be buried beneath rules and regulations, the violation of which would constitute crime, and the tax burden would become unbearable. In all changes which may be necessary—and their necessity can only be determined when and as the occasion arises—we should preserve the integrity of the states, our system of checks and balances, the independence of the courts, and those rights and privileges which measure the liberty, the dignity, and the sovereignty of the people.

The great and controlling question in matters of government and in proposed changes in government in the last analysis comes down to the simple question: What, if any, place shall be given to the average man and woman in government? What voice shall they have?



Both Communism and Fascism would rob them of every right, every privilege, every guaranty given them in our Constitution—personal liberty and all the attributes of liberty. A written Constitution made by the people themselves, an independent and uncontrolled judiciary to construe the Constitution, together with the power of the people to amend and change their Constitution, are the very pillars of a government by the people.

There is an element of defeatism in this constant talk about the inefficiency of our government. Our government has been severely tested more than once in the past. It was sufficient and efficient to serve the people's economic interest and to preserve their personal liberty. In those difficult days our leaders had faith in our form of government and, difficult as the problems were, they did not indulge in the defeatist policy of surrendering the vital principles upon which a free government rests.

DURING the last fifty years we, as a people, have learned well how to produce, or create, wealth. The story of our industrial development, the amassing of wealth during this period reads like a fairy tale. The problem now is the equitable distribution of wealth. Compared with most other countries, we have gone far in solving that question. But tested by the standards of living to which we aspire and tested by the demands of the system under which we live, we are compelled to recognize there is much to be done.

In 1929, 70 per cent of our population was living on the bare necessities of life. Fifty per cent were living below that standard. We were ten years behind in home building. This was during the time in which the production of wealth was phenomenal.

We may take one item as an illustration of the things we need to consider in working out a wider distribution of social and economic justice—it is perhaps under present conditions as good an illustration as can be had—old-age pensions. The growth of what is known as the Townsend Plan for Old-Age Pensions is a significant warning, touching a long neglected duty upon the part of organized society. When you find millions of law-abiding people, especially American people, zealously

urging a cause, it is safe to assume there is at the heart of the movement something worth while, some thought of great moment.

There is undoubtedly a sound principle of social justice at the heart of this movement. It is the duty of society to provide against hunger and want and abject dependence upon the part of the aged. You may investigate the movement, or its leaders, and you may denounce it, but that will not answer the demand which the movement represents. It must be answered by a just and adequate plan providing for old-age pensions.

The sole question for debate, it seems to me, is: What is a just and adequate answer? My observation leads me to believe that the author of the movement is sincerely engaged in working out a solution of one of the great humane problems of these days. But, regardless of individuals, or leaders, the problem is one that is with us. And, like the question of a living wage, protection against child labor, cost of production on the farm, and reasonable social security, it is now awaiting intelligent consideration.

In this connection I digress for a moment to say that I am not sure but that one of our great problems is that of acquiring a proper attitude of mind when dealing with the great questions of social justice which have been brought to us by the modern industrial world. We have drifted into a habit of substituting epithets for arguments and raillery for logic. Those who feel that the demands of social justice require something in addition to the legislation of previous years are immediately denounced as Communists or demagogues.

On the other hand, those who are disposed to question the wisdom of new proposals are branded as "hard-boiled" or the tools of interests. It is a very inadequate way to find a sane and wise course. For years men fatuously believed in the power of the thumbscrew and the fagot, but truth kept on the move. And truth will prevail over all forms of denunciation—mere denunciation is a sure sign of intellectual bankruptcy.

The human family is on the move and the great problem is how to avoid mistakes as it goes forward. There is little room in these critical days for mere personalities or abuse. We want to know the wise thing to do because things are going to be done. The lesson must be learned that if we are to make our homes safe and our lives a success, we must help to make every other home safe and every other life contented.

I should like to say a word about what seems to me in many respects the greatest of all domestic problems: The preservation of free enterprise, the termination of monopoly, putting an end to the power of any man or combination of men, any corporation or combination of corporations, to fix prices for one hundred and twenty-odd million people.

Monopoly is the enemy of free government and personal liberty. Those who fix the price of things which a people must have in order to live are the people's masters. In my opinion the laws upon the statute books are sufficient and efficient to put an end to monopoly if enforced. But if not sufficient, undoubtedly the constitutional power is sufficient should Congress use the power it has.

Without an aggressive, comprehensive program all economic matters, constitutional government itself, stand under challenge. Without the adjustment of such questions as the question of monopoly, the Constitution will inevitably give way to the fearful impact of human suffering and human passion. The cost of living is now becoming an acute matter, a thing of distressing concern to many American families. What is the real cause? The real cause lies in a constantly increasing tax burden and the remorseless power of monopoly.

Aloofness from foreign political affairs, the preservation of constitutional government, a more equitable distribution of wealth, the utter destruction of monopoly are all sound American principles and essential to the preservation of American civilization.

THE END

TAKE SOME OF MY *Luck*

Rich Boy, Poor Girl, Taxicab, Love!—You'll Find Them
Joyously Jumbled in This Tale of Rollicking Romance

by JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE younger Trenham finished his breakfast and pilfered a bright orange from the sideboard. He tossed this fruit up in the air a couple of times and caught it as if there were people in the bleachers. His father turned an apprehensive eye toward the cream jug. "How old are you, Tut?"

"Twenty-two, sir."

"Yes. Well, maybe it's natural." The elder Trenham scooped a morsel of egg from its frail brown shell. "But you'd better be out in the open—my nerves and the crockery! And you'll find somebody from the garage working on the roadster. Julian's laid up with a cold again."

His son dug into the orange rind with his strong white teeth.

"These blokes from the local garage!" he said. "Why didn't you call on me?"

The elder man looked up. Light struck the color of chromium from a wing of well brushed hair, glanced from the bright surface of his eyeglass. And in that moment he had made note of what the better young men would wear for tennis.

"Ruin all that?" he asked ironically.

For of course his secret pride in the boy was no sentiment for the breakfast table. Tut was like the lawns of Cambridge: you'd think it had taken hundreds of years to perfect him. It hadn't. It had taken the two generations comprising his grandfather's wit and his father's tenacity. Tut had something of what his grandfather had and a modicum of what his father had—with the devil's own luck to leaven the blend. No one had ever needed to worry about *him*.

He found his father's roadster parked in the driveway, and at once observed that some anomalous human creature was lying underneath it: the scrap of an old overall leg protruded, and one small foot. Tut looked closely at the foot. It was odd of the garage to send nine-year-old

boys to cope with engine trouble. But no nine-year-old boy ever had an ankle like that. Tut waited gravely until there emerged the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

She was a little person with a look of pride. She had dark-lashed gray eyes, several smudges on nose and cheek, and a smile to break the heart.

"You might tell whoever wants to know," she said, "that the car's all right. There was nothing much the matter with her. The spark plugs needed cleaning. And a cat could have done it."

Tut flashed the smile that mowed them down.

"But why were *you* fixing it?" he asked her. "Were you sent by the worthy Smith?"

Her voice was so cold that you could have put it in the rye and seltzer.

"The 'worthy Smith,'" she said in this cold voice, "is my father. He's convalescing in a sanatorium out in Arizona. I'm Sandra Smith, and I'm keeping an eye on the garage while he's gone."

"I'm sorry," said Tut. "I—uh—it's pretty hard work, isn't it?"

"Not ordinarily. But all the boys were busy this morning, so I had to come over myself."

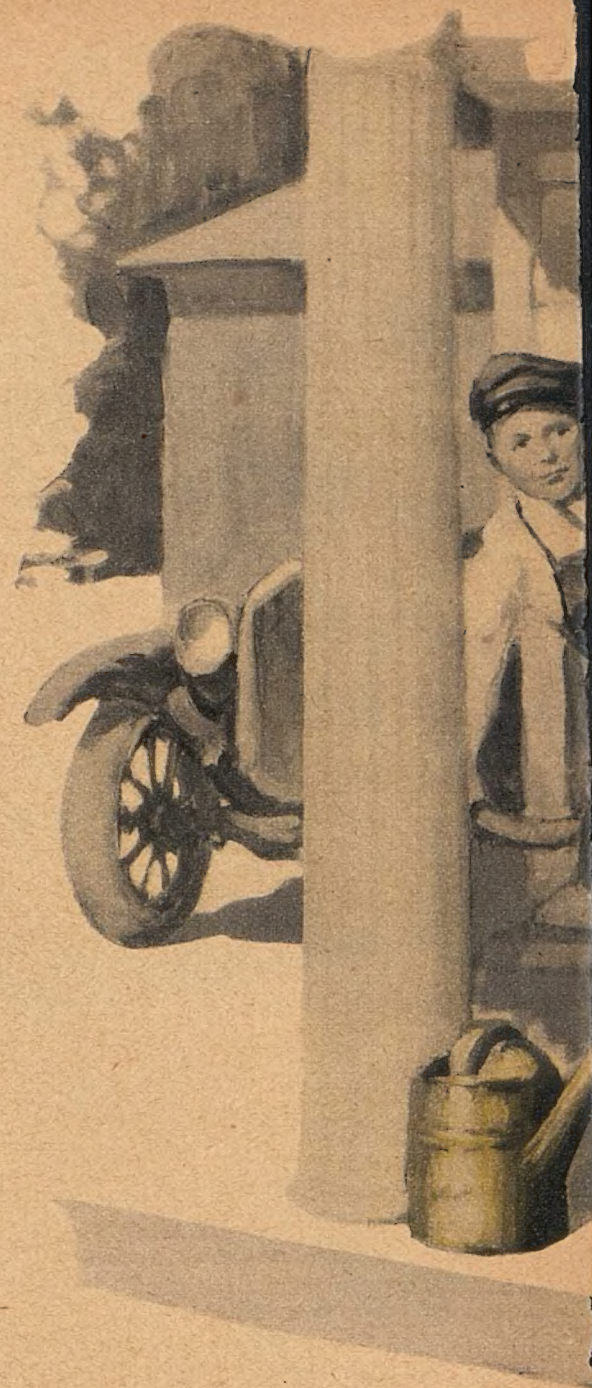
"You must be pretty good with cars."

"Yes," she said. "I am. Good morning!"

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "I mean—no good our being so abrupt this way. You'll want to know my name, of course. It's Trenham. Thayer Uhl Trenham. So for many years people have called me Tut. T. U. T. Hence Tut."

He paused—for the usual little ripple of amusement. But this girl, apparently, was not one to ripple. He began to realize, now, that he was having no success.

"You might mind the informal note," he said. "But I can easily fix that. Suppose I bring my father out here





The old lady catapulted from her corner and swung a fist not a whit frailer than a horseshoe.

and introduce him so that he can introduce me—or undoubtedly we have some mutual acquaintance in a town this size—or—

"Why?" she said.

All this time she had been packing tools away in the toolbox of a battered and dusty vehicle of no distinction. Now she climbed behind the wheel of this vehicle and looked over her shoulder at his foot—which was on the running board.

"Why? Because I want to know you!"

"You want to know me because you don't know me," she said with a satirical lift of one perfect eyebrow. "You reaching for the moon—and me the moon!"

She threw in the clutch of that battered old car. His foot on the running board bobbed up and down.

"Have you anything *against* me?" he bawled, over the tumult.

"Nothing!"

"Then why wouldn't it work?"

"Probably," she said, "because *you* don't."

She glanced at him with a brief provocative expression

that might—given a couple of winters in a warm cellar—have ripened into a smile. And with that she sailed over the glass-smooth driveway and around the bend of the road that led back to town. . . .

Tut's father was just beginning his third egg.

"Hello!" he said. "I thought you were off?"

"I am," said Tut. "Completely. Who are the Smiths, sir? The garage people?"

Trenham senior sprinkled salt on his egg. He answered placidly:

"Smith—the grandfather—was a janitor for the college. Henry Smith—the son—came up in the world and bought the garage. He had a spot on his lung and they sent him to Arizona. Sandra—the girl—was graduated from the college. Top honors. They're good people, the Smiths—good stock."

"How do you know all this?" asked Tut, marveling.

His father smiled a little self-consciously.

"Well, it was a Trenham who founded the town of Sleepy Valley, after all. That's always made me take an interest in the townspeople—

(Continued on page 13)

Love

as burning as
Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic
novel of the French For-
eign Legion, flashes this
glorious spectacle-drama
of men's heroism and
women's devotion, enacted
by one of the greatest casts
the screen has ever seen.



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COLMAN

(Beau Geste)

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Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida



(Continued from page 11) it's almost given me a sense of responsibility, Tut."

"I see.—The feudal note."

"We-ell, they wouldn't agree to that, exactly."

Tut thought of Sandra Smith and grinned.

"Not exactly," he said. "Now, do you think I'm a parasite, sir? I do what I can for the business."

"Yes. Don't reproach yourself. There are too many architects in the world, that's all. And what's this got to do with Henry Smith's garage?"

"Well, it's Sandra—she likes people to toil and spin. You might shove more of the business my way, sir."

TUT did not want the girl to know he was too anxious. He waited twenty-seven minutes. Then he sped toward the village—having put on a tie he had worn four or five times, as a neat little proletarian touch.

But he could not get around that look he had: the look of one who is heir to the old manor house, the look of race and hot temper and mint in the julep. Tut Trenham, born in the college town, had gone to a more ivied institution.

He found Sandra in a cubbyhole back of a can of green paint and a dozen old automobile tires. She had removed the smudges and she was wearing a yellow linen dress with a speckless white collar. She was poring over a number of bills and a gigantic ledger that was ink-splotched and begrimed. She looked up.

"Oh," she said. "Was there anything wrong with the car?"

"No. I just dropped in to ask you to lunch. The club? Somewhere on the road? The Cat and Fiddle?"

"No." Sandra Smith's cheeks were dyed in the ineffable tint of the wild pink rose. But she faced him squarely. "We'll have to get this straight, Mr. Trenham. I don't want you to think I'm rude, and I certainly don't want you to think I have any personal grudge against you."

"Nobody has," he said happily.

"That's just it. You have plenty of friends. It isn't as if we were on any desert island."

"We could pretend—I can be no end whimsical when I really try."

"No, Mr. Trenham, I don't want you to be whimsical."

"Well, what is it you don't especially crave about me? Is it the gilded note?"

She nodded vigorously.

"It's everything you represent—leisure and luxury and luck!"

"You like bad luck?" he inquired mildly.

"You know very well what I mean," she informed him.

"You live one kind of life, I live another—"

"You aren't worrying about my reputation, are you? Because I haven't any. I'm a clean-cut young American. If I were going off to war, you'd probably weep and cheer. But now look at you."

"I don't see anything to weep and cheer about. And if you don't mind very much, Mr. Trenham, I really *am* busy—"

He wagged his head solemnly.

"That's right—the good old wheels of industry. Cheerio, Miss Smith. I'll come in some day when it's raining."

She looked at him in desperation.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why when it's raining?"

"Don't you like rain?" he asked her wonderingly.

"Oh, my goodness! Is this the way you *really* talk?"

"Yes," he said. "Do you like it?"

"No."

"You'll get on to it," he said encouragingly. "It isn't difficult."

And if she spurned his educational aid, it wasn't his fault. He haunted that garage. He drove past it as if he were going on an errand, as if he were not going on an errand, as if he were looking for some one, and as if he were not looking for some one. He sauntered past it and strolled past it and briskly walked past it. Almost the only time he wasn't there was the one time he might have been useful. That was the night the garage burned to the ground.

Tut was driving home from the wedding of his old

friend Skeets Michaelson along the dark, deserted highway. And he was in that sentimental mood induced by good punch, all the old aphorisms, and the mist of a wedding veil. He'd known old Skeets all his life, and now old Skeets was married. Good-by, old Skeets!

As Tut's eyes roved idly over the horizon, he became aware of an unnatural glow—a hazy orange patch that was fading away even as he watched. It was a Sleepy Valley fire all right. Tut let the old car show what she had.

But he was too late for anything but that dreary anticlimax which follows all such conflagrations. The garage was gone. There remained the acrid smell of wet charred wood and smoldering rubber. The framework of Sandra's car was dark against a crumbling heap of blackened bricks. After a minute or two Tut found Sam Peters, who was Henry Smith's right-hand man.

"Does Miss Smith know about this?" demanded Tut.

"Sandra? Sure she knows about it. She turned out for it—everybody in town turned out for it. It's all over now. It was kind of like an explosion. Well, it was insured, o' course. That's a help."

"Wasn't *anything* saved?"

"Myrtle," said Sam briefly.

"Who's Myrtle?"

"Myrtle's not any who. Myrtle's the name Sandra calls the old 1927 heap of junk somebody left in the g'rage and never come back for. It wasn't worth the storage. But Sandra—she was out in the car tonight, just seein' if she'd move. An' the fire broke before she come back. There wasn't no one in the g'rage but me an' Billy the Kid."

Sam blew out a mouthful of cigarette smoke.

"I guess I'll be looking for a job until old man Smith comes back and rebuilds," he added.

"But—Miss Smith? What's she going to do?"

"Sandra? She's going to make a hack out of Myrtle. That's what she said tonight."

The next day Tut found Sandra behind the wheel at the corner of Slocum and Main streets. A neat sign running across the top of the windshield informed her fellow men that Sandra was prepared to conduct them hither and thither at twenty cents the mile. She was wearing an old brown suède windbreaker. Her curly dark head was bare. She did not resemble a taxi driver, and her dilapidated conveyance did not resemble a taxicab. She seemed pleased enough, nevertheless, with her world. She even smiled, in an absent-minded fashion, as Tut approached.

"IT'S too bad," he said, "about last night."

"Thanks—but it could have been a lot worse."

"How's hacking?"

"Well, they won't let me hack down by the station. There's some sort of concession."

"And nobody takes a cab," he pointed out, "except the bloated blokes off the five fifteen."

"Encouraging, aren't you?"

"No-o, but I'm trying to think of some way to wangle you a good spot. I'm pretty sure I can do it."

"Thank you very much," she said, "but I don't *want* any wangling."

He looked at her solemnly.

"There are just two classes of people in this world," he reminded her: "those who wangle and those who are wangled."

"I prefer to be one of the wangled," she assured him coldly.

"The *obstinacy* of you radicals—"

"Mr. Trenham! I'm not in the least radical—really. And now, if you don't mind—"

"But I want you to drive me home!" he said.

She stared at him.

"Where are your own cars?"

"Back in the garage!"

"And why?"

"Because I want to ride in the cab, of course!"

"I see." She looked at him thoughtfully. "I suppose this is funny to you. Mr. Trenham—a girl driving a hack—and a hack like Myrtle."

He brushed this aside.

"I'll come down here every morning," he said, "and be your first customer."

"No."

"Why not?"

She sighed wearily.

"Because there isn't anything whimsical about *me*, Mr. Trenham. And besides, don't you realize that people would talk?"

"But I'd be quite impersonal—I'd bark at you from the back seat."

"No."

"Sandra! You really think I shouldn't be seen running around with you and Myrtle?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you realize," he said, "that you're making things very difficult for me?"

"Yes," she said, smiling at him; "I realize that."

So he gave her one last reproachful look and left.

The next morning Sandra drove old Mrs. Nussbaum to the hospital, and drove the youngest Wiggan boy to kindergarten. But she wouldn't touch a penny of the Nussbaum money or the Wiggan money. She drove to the corner of Slocum and Main streets and parked there with a prayer for some cab-going stranger with a bulging pocket and a cold eye.

But she waited two hours for a fare. Then she leaped out of the car and swung wide the door. The most extraordinary-looking old woman Sandra had ever seen had elected to ride in the hack. She was a tall gaunt old woman with a hat like a poke bonnet pulled down over a mop of coarse black curls. She fumbled in the vast folds of a shabby brown skirt and drew a package of cigarettes from some obscure pocket—beginning to smoke even before she gave Sandra her directions. And these directions were delivered in as hoarse and rasping a voice as Sandra had ever heard.

Yet there was something good-humored—even jovial—about this eccentric old lass. She said that she wanted to be driven to a farmhouse no less than fifteen miles out of town. Then she settled back in her corner and said nothing more—clouds of fragrant smoke drifting from under the brim of the poke bonnet. And decorously they traveled past the outskirts of the sleepy college town.

The old woman alighted some yards from the farmhouse. She swept over the narrow road with an amazing agility. She disappeared into the house, and appeared again a few minutes later with a dozen freshly laid brown eggs tucked into a homemade cardboard carton.

"Back to town!" she ordered.

Sandra smiled as she threw in the clutch. The trip to the farmhouse might have faded to a quaint and pleasant memory had she not run out of gas midway between the farmhouse and the town of Sleepy Valley.

She pulled up at a filling station, with a word of expla-

nation to her fare. She herself got out of the car and stretched her slim young legs—swaggering just a little, perhaps, because of her new breeches. She ignored the presence of a plump young man in a gray suit who lounged against one of the Corinthian pillars of the filling station; she ignored, likewise, the presence of another young man in a suit of biscuit brown who lounged against the other Corinthian pillar. This second young man was less pleasing of aspect than the first young man: he was one of those lads who look as if they have been fished out of the antipasto.

Now this individual was subjecting Sandra to the flat-

ttery of his crawling gaze. And he was well satisfied with what he had observed—a remark serving to indicate this satisfaction seemed to drift from one corner of his mouth. The boy who was giving Myrtle her gasoline was annoyed; the plump young man in gray was mildly amused. And Sandra was already turning away from her admirer in the manner of a duchess who has found a housefly in her tea. No one of the little group was prepared for sudden violence on the part of the old lady in the cab.

But she had catapulted from her obscure corner, planted herself firmly before the offensive young man, and swung from the shoulder a fist not a whit frailer than a horseshoe.

The young man ducked the first swing but lifted a blank Roquefort-colored face for the second. And now the old lady, in her excitement, had shed her bonnet and a gigantic wig of coarse black curls. There came a little scream from Sandra and a great guffaw from the plump young man in the gray suit. For almost any one could have recognized the features of Tut Trenham, who had made quite a name for himself a year or two ago running around with a football. The man in gray glanced at his wrist

watch, dived into his car, and was off without further ado.

Tut picked up his curls and his poke bonnet and got back into the cab. His victim was leaning against the Corinthian pillar again, complaining bitterly to no one in particular. The filling-station man, slightly dazed, gave Sandra the change of a five-dollar bill. And Myrtle, wheezing a little, was driven away.

"And now will you please let me have the idea?" demanded Sandra over her shoulder. "Or am I supposed to know?"

"Do you mean my taking a sock at that fellow?" asked Tut in a surprised voice. "I thought that was pretty obvious! The good old protective instinct—why, don't you ever go to the movies, my dear girl?"

"Listen!" she said between her clenched teeth. "I can handle an insect like that with one of my eyebrows—I didn't need you to come bounding out of the car looking like somebody's grandmother—and *that's* what I was talking about! What was the idea of *that*?"

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Parisiennes are now dressing up in the evening as Josephine or Mme. Récamier, for Empire fashions have climbed to the top of the style tree. Waistlines as high as they can go without disappearing give a beautiful lithe leg line as long as the Roman law. They're often defined by ribbons or cords crossed on the bosom.

Wraps are long narrow scarves or high-sleeved boleros. Hair is dressed high with Psyche curls caught in a triple filet. Barefoot sandals or flat slippers are laced high like a cothurnus. Even for daytime wear, Baronne de Rothschild and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes wear Schiaparelli tailleurs whose jackets have waistlines way up around the armpits.

-DORAMILLER.



Tut leaned forward, folding his arms on the back of the front seat and all but resting his chin on her shoulder.

"The outfit?" he inquired lightly. "Why, you told me yourself that you couldn't let Myrtle get the reputation of being a one-passenger hack. And you implied that my sex would count against me—to say nothing of my charm—"

"No," said Sandra; "nothing was said about your charm."

"And so naturally I had this idea," he went on. "Good, isn't it? The Cheese and Mustard Club put on a show the last year I was in college, and this was the part I had. I had 'em rolling in the aisles, Sandra dear."

There was a silence.

"I don't see why," she said then, "you tag after me the way you do!"

"Why, it's because I'm interested in you," he said patiently. "Hadn't you realized that? Sometimes, Sandra, I don't think you're very bright."

"And as for my reputation," she continued, "do you think this sort of thing is so good for it? You running around in skirts and a b-bonnet—socking people in the jaw!"

Tut smiled modestly.

"That chap was kind of surprised, wasn't he?"

"Surprised!"

"Oh," said Tut, "I've sat on the eggs!"

"Good!"

"There's egg all over my skirt."

"Serves you right!"

"Sandra," he said, "you're the most consistently disagreeable person I've ever met."

"I try to be," she said.

"But I like 'em mean," he told her. "Mean and different."

"Please put on your bonnet!" she said savagely. "Don't sit there in my cab looking like half one thing and half another!"

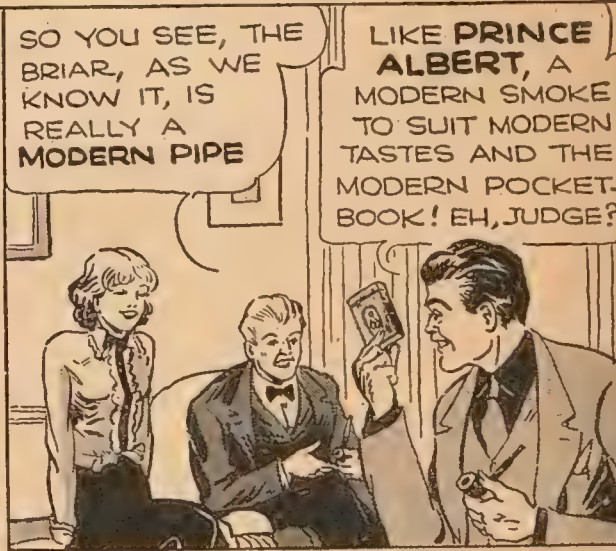
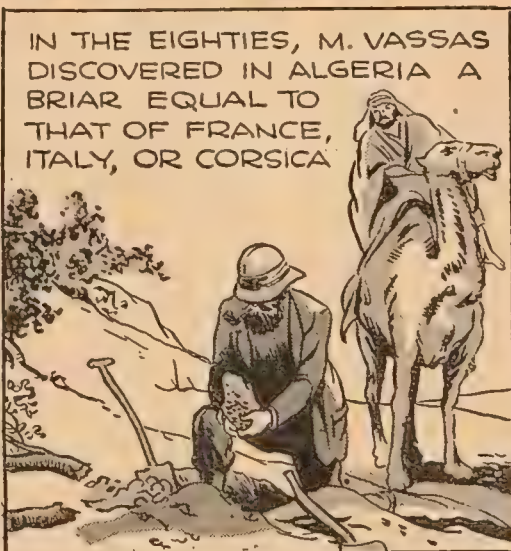
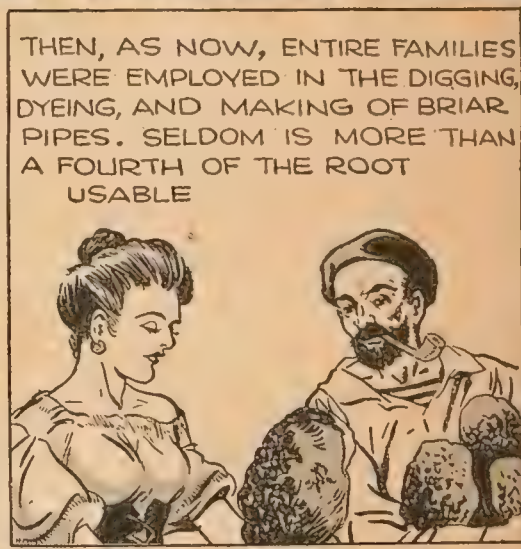
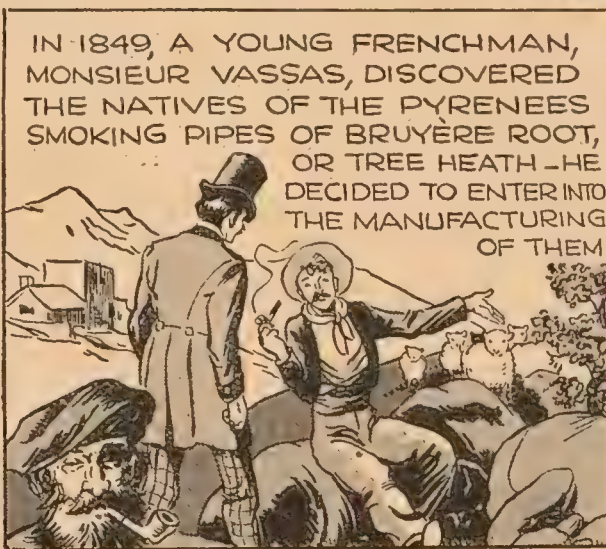
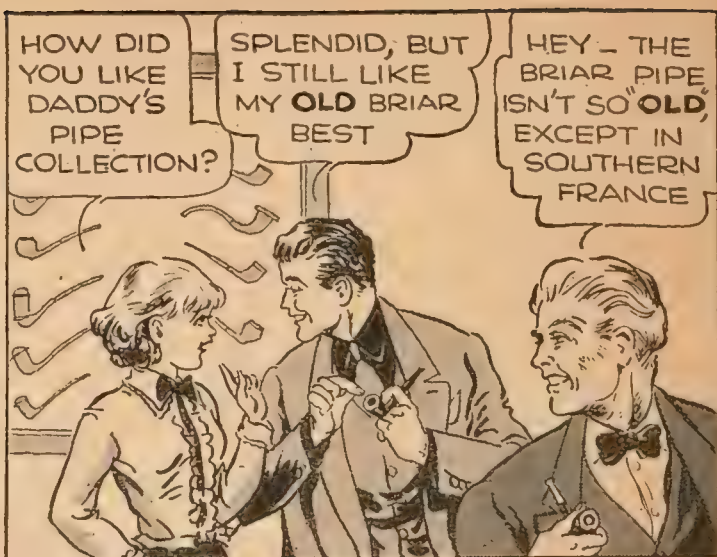
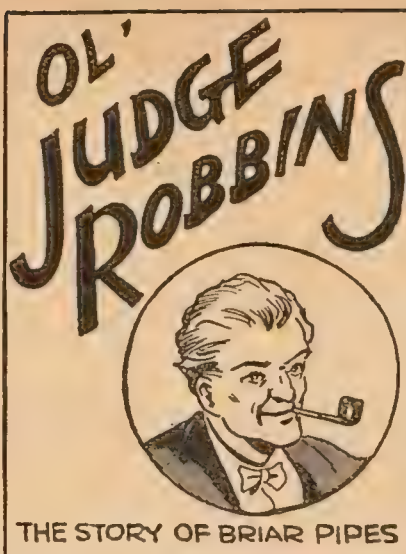
"That's a point," he agreed, and readjusted his curls.

AN hour or so later, soaping off the grease paint, he reckoned the day as a partial victory. He had detected a gleam of something like amusement in Sandra's parting glance. Would she have gleamed in this fashion if she had really despised him? Obviously not. Women like that didn't go around gleaming at anybody and everybody.

His strategic move, that night, would be to let her alone. So he let her alone. He merely appeared at the corner of Main and Slocum streets two or three times, and buzzed off when he saw that she was knee-deep in other people. He climbed into his bed at last, and had no bad dreams about the newspaper which would be laid by his plate upon the morrow.

His father bade him, briefly, to look at the paper—just to look at it.

Tut obeyed. He glanced over the first page and paused at the second. Here was a very unflattering picture of himself with his mouth wide open under a caption saying Gridiron Hero



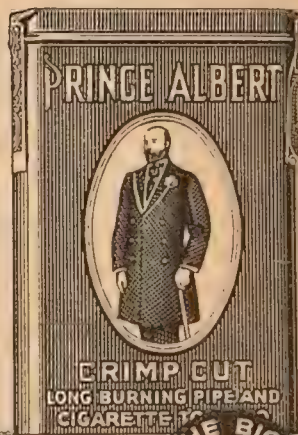
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Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does not bite the tongue. Join the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P.A. has to please you. "Makin's" smokers: P.A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

in Strange Affray. He put down his orange juice and read the story:

A modern knight-errant in fancy dress, Thayer (Tut) Trenham, erstwhile quarterback of Princeton and idol of Connecticut's smartest younger set, leaped into the lime-light yesterday by assaulting several thugs who had molested the unknown lady cab driver who was Mr. Trenham's companion. Mr. Trenham refused to explain why he was dressed at the time in a large bonnet and several long flowing skirts. He escaped at once with the young and beautiful cab driver, who is said to ply her trade in Sleepy Valley, ancestral home of the Trenhams. Mr. Trenham's father is—

"Well?" barked Tut's father. "Well? Well?"

"It must have been the hefty lad in the gray suit," muttered Tut. "He was in such a hurry to get away. I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I said, what is the *meaning* of this drivell?"

Tut explained—with a certain hesitation. There is always something a little heavy about one's lighter moments as recounted over the breakfast table. His father listened in silence.

"I suppose you'll outgrow this sort of thing," he said then. "Well! Don't forget you're driving to New York this morning. And don't let the reporters get at you."

"I'll take a poke," said Tut, "at the first reporter I see."

"If you do," said his father, "I hope you're wearing pants."

"I can't wear my skirt," said Tut gently; "it's got egg all over it."

He wanted to apologize to Sandra, of course. But he couldn't find any trace of her by the time he had to leave for his New York appointment. And he had to stay in New York for the whole week end—spending most of his time in a hotel bedroom listening respectfully to a balloon-faced sugar potentate who wanted to mix in a little Gothic with his Early American. Once Tut had played parchesi with this man's son; that was why the elder Trenham had sent him to New York. He was expected, likewise, to prove his mettle in this encounter. His father had explained that nobody had much use for architects *as* architects; they needed to be pretty good bricklayers and very good listeners.

But the luck of the Trenhams still held. By the time Tut was through with the sugar potentate, the proposed estate in the Berkshires began to look less like a practical joke in somebody's nightmare. And Tut, well pleased with himself, hastened back to Sleepy Valley.

He had sent Sandra three or four telegrams and a small crate of yellow roses. Apart from this, he had ignored her. He had persuaded himself to believe that she would not have minded the publicity; he had almost persuaded himself to believe that she would be very, very glad to see him. The holes in this theory became more and more apparent as he neared the corner of Main and Slocum streets. But he drew up to the curb with his usual flourish—to find Sam Peters, and not Sandra, at the wheel of Myrtle the hack.

"HI, Sam!"

"H'are yuh, Tut?" said Sam.

"Has Sandra—is Sandra—"

Sam made an idle gesture with his thumb.

"She's over at the hamburger joint," he said, "and I'm jockeyin' for her. There's plenty fares these last coupla days." He accepted a cigarette and rolled the tip of it over his tongue. "You been in New York, young feller?"

Tut nodded.

"Well, it's this way," said Sam. "That story that was in the papers—it sure started somep'n, it did. All of them customers—they're fallin' all over themselves to ride in Sandra's hack. They make a point of comin' way down here to Slocum Street—if you can imagine!" Sam pushed back his cap and looked with a quiet corn upon the world about him. "The poor boobs—but they started somep'n. Y' know old Elmer Cray, the truckman?"

Tut nodded.

"Well, he put up a proposition, see? He wants to fit up a bunch of cabs and call 'em Sandra Smith Fleet and get a bunch of college boys and girls to drive 'em—earning their way through college—all of 'em good-lookin' and all of 'em polite as pie, see?"

Tut saw. He left Sam Peters abruptly and met Sandra just as she was coming out of the hamburger joint.

"Sam's taking care of little Myrtle," he said at once. "We might walk around the block."

She fell in step with him.

"Yes, I wanted to see you," she said.

But her tone belied her words. And she was not even looking at him. She was staring stonily ahead. And the most disconcerted young man in Connecticut was silent—for once.

"SAM'S told you about—about Mr. Cray and all the rest of it?"

"Why, yes, he did say something—"

"He thinks it's wonderful, you know. He's told everybody in town about it."

"Well," said Tut cautiously, "it was a break."

"But it was your break!" she cried. "There'd never have been any publicity about *me*, you know—only about you!"

"And because it was my break," he concluded bitterly, "you don't want to have anything to do with it."

"Well, that's the way I feel," she said, "and I can't help the way I feel, can I? I've got hold of some of your luck, and I don't know that I approve of it."

"I had it in New York too," he admitted. "It just seems to dog me around—that old luck."

She sent him a swift ironic glance.

"It's too bad, isn't it?" she asked him. "It makes you so sort of—well, so sort of smug and self-satisfied, doesn't it?" She warmed up to this theme just as they were coming to a curb. "It's probably the whole trouble with you, as a matter of fact! You've just taken everything for granted from the time you were born—you've even taken *me* for granted! You've never known what it was to suffer for a single minute. I bet you never even had the mumps!"

"Measles."

"What are measles?" she cried in quick hot scorn. "You never in your life had to experience anything—why, nothing's ever *hit* you—"

And at this precise moment Sandra Smith stepped off the curb and into the path of a fast-moving moving van. Tut pulled her back violently, only to slip on his heel and skid into a combination of revolving rubber and adamant steel that promptly ended that conversation and began another.

"Where," he asked a large white egg, "am I?"

"Just lie still," said the egg.

The buttons down the front of the egg suddenly broke ranks, came to a straight line, and marched in formation, jerking up their knees like the girls in a musical comedy. Tut laughed aloud, and something in his head, just over his left ear, hurt him very much. He stopped laughing and suddenly floated, for no particular reason, out of a window. For quite a few minutes he hovered vertically over the sugar potentate, who was in his bath. This gentleman found nothing odd in Tut's presence—indeed he took him for a towel rack. And it was while Tut was laughing heartily over this that he again became conscious of the pain in his head. At the same moment he realized that he was in a bed, a very white bed in a very narrow white room with something white and starched like a sailboat drifting through the door.

"Oh, Tut!" said Sandra Smith. "Oh, Tut darling!"

He looked at this beautiful girl, whose gray eyes were so bright with tears. And he knew in that instant that he would marry Sandra Smith and that they would live in a house with green shutters by the side of a winding road.

His senses—even his sixth sense—were in that moment extraordinarily acute. But now he could only grin and feebly flap his hand at her.

"Well," he said, "something *did* hit me, didn't it?"

THE END

ETHIOPIAN SIDE SHOW

Revealing Glimpses of Haile Selassie's Invaded Kingdom as Liberty's Special Observer Saw It

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHAT about Ethiopian antiaircraft defenses?

How much have they amounted to? Well, some little time ago Haile Selassie flew to Jigjiga. He returned as far as Dire Dawa by motorcar, and the next morning he was scheduled to fly back from there to Addis Ababa. The Ethiopian air force mustered everything that would fly—eight old airplanes of various makes—and went to meet and escort him. The flight to Addis Ababa followed the railroad. That took him and his escort over Hawash, where there is a railway trestle. It was guarded against Italian bombers by a special detachment of antiaircraft guns under the command of a European "expert."

Nobody had bothered to tell the European that the emperor would be flying up the railroad that day. He suddenly saw the sky littered with planes; he took them for Italians and opened up with everything he had—five machine guns, all firing at once.

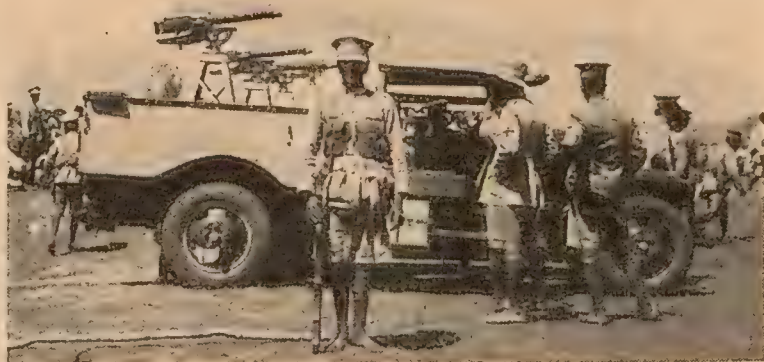
He sprayed the heavens with lead—and never hit a thing. Then he found out his mistake and apologized; he apologized himself right into trouble. Not one bullet had come close to an airplane. The emperor didn't know he had been shot at. He never would have known it if the expert hadn't gone and told him!

● One hindrance to the Italian air force is—or was until lately—the difficulty of bombing a landscape littered with red crosses and not hitting any of them. Not only has Ethiopia had numberless real hospitals, but some Ethiopians concluded months ago that a daub of red paint in the shape of a cross was cheap insurance. Besides all that, the Ethiopian saloon, a combination of bar and brothel under one roof, invariably bears a time-honored marking—the symbol of sin. This symbol has been the same and has been used this same way for centuries. Before each door hangs a large white curtain; in the center of every curtain is a *huge red cross*.

So when an Italian aviator looked down from the air he was bound to see a thousand red crosses. At that distance, if he could tell the hospitals from the gin mills he was a genius!

● The national coin of Ethiopia is the Maria Theresa thaler, known locally as the dollar. Somewhere in Austria they are still minted to order for the Ethiopian government, and all dated 1780. The people would think any other date meant a counterfeit. The lesser coins were also made in Austria until the Ethiopian government decided to mint them locally. An Austrian firm cut new dies from new designs, and the dies were duly shipped.

Weeks and months went; they didn't arrive. Radio inquiries ascertained that they had been mailed. Believing the shipment lost in transit, the government decided to have the order duplicated. But its financial adviser, an American, pointed out that this would necessitate entirely new designs, since anybody who found the lost ones could turn out undetectable counterfeits by the carload. Before letting the government go to all that expense, the financial adviser personally searched the Addis Ababa post office. He found nothing. He had given up the search and started out when, near the door,



Ethiopians were proud of these antiaircraft guns.

his foot stubbed against a package half-hidden by some coats. It had been there for months.

"What's this?" asked the financial adviser.

"A package," said the postmaster, "for Mr. K. A. Regierung, whoever he may be. We never could locate him."

The missing dies were found—addressed to "Kaiserliche Aethiopische Regierung," which is perfectly

good German for "Imperial Ethiopian Government."

● The little caravan was crossing the Hawash River. The raft was loaded to capacity with oil cans, biscuit tins, flour sacks, tents, pans, and the solitary white man in charge. A piebald horse was tethered to the rear of the raft. The rope would drag the horse across the river. The caravan's pack mules were used to following that horse; they would follow now—perhaps.

As the raft shoved off from the bank, the white man sweated blood in fear that the horse would balk. If he did, the tightening rope would upset the overloaded raft.

"It could upset," said the pagan Galla boatman, "but the horse could never cause it. It is the truly terrible demons who live in the river that cause all the trouble." He picked up his musket. "The river demons have only one weakness: they are afraid of gunfire."

He closed his eyes and pulled the trigger convulsively. The shot plunked right under the nose of the horse. He bolted. The rope did the rest. The white man and the Galla went swimming. The cargo was ruined.

"Ah, these river demons!" the Galla moaned. "They get worse every day—they no longer fear riflefire!"

● The Hotel Empress is one of the three best places in Addis Ababa in which to live. Every one admits that; it should make the proprietor happy. It doesn't.

Controversy began when an American journalist who was living there wrote uncomplimentary things about the hotel for his paper. The clippings came back to Addis Ababa. The proprietor, furious, waylaid the journalist and took him to task in the presence of his colleagues.

"I will make amends," said the journalist. "We will all say something nice about your hotel—we'll include it in today's dispatches about the official opening of the new jail. Won't we, boys?"

They would; they did. They all sat down and wrote telegrams: "With exception of Imperial Palace, new jail offers best living accommodations in Addis Ababa. Empress Hotel ranks third."

● Dr. Bowman, connected with the Red Cross, was putting up a tent with which his unit was to leave for the front. I noticed that the tent pegs were iron. They seemed needlessly heavy for transportation on muleback.

"I take it," he said, "that you don't know the four rules. When choosing equipment for an Ethiopian expedition, you must select things that your servant can't eat, burn, break, or steal. They'd break light wooden pegs; they'd burn heavy wooden stakes. Even these iron ones worry me. They're too heavy to steal wholesale, but they can be carted off one at a time!"

THE END

WHY DID YOU KILL ME?

Hauptmann's Last Words, Hitherto Unpublished, in Which He
Reviews and Analyzes the Evidence For and Against Him and
Challenges His Accusers, His Judges, and You!

by BRUNO RICHARD HAUPTMANN

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article, because of its great timeliness and importance, has been rushed into this issue in place of the second article by Leigh Matteson dealing with the amazing deductions of Dr. X, which was announced in Liberty of April 25.

I AM writing this literally within the shadow of the electric chair. For upward to fourteen months I have been confined in the cell nearest to the execution chamber in the New Jersey penitentiary. The courts of New Jersey have now said that I shall die on the night of April 3, and that I shall die in the chair that is just beyond the door that faces me and has faced me every waking hour of my life these past fourteen months. The courts have said that on the night of April 3 I shall be prepared to leave the cell which has been my home; walk through the door which has been facing me these weary months; tread the few steps that lead from that door to the electric chair; that on that night I shall be led out on a walk from which I shall never return.

When I rise to join in that last deathly procession, I shall walk as any man walks, striding along one foot ahead of the other. I shall breathe the air my guards are breathing. I shall hear things that are being said, with ears that are as the ears of other men. I shall say with a voice that is the same as voices of other men that a tragedy is being enacted, that a life is being wantonly taken, that I am innocent of the crime of which I have been convicted, as innocent as any one in the world; and then, if the decision of the court is carried out, I shall be strapped into the chair, and in a few fleeting seconds this body that is mortal will be no longer living and breathing but just a mass of clay.

And I ask, WHY? Why must this thing be? Why should this thing happen? Why should the State of New Jersey take from me that which is most precious to all men—life? Why should they widow my loyal wife and orphan my lovely baby? Every hour, every day, since the Flemington jury rendered their verdict, I have asked myself that question. I am as innocent of the crime of killing the Lindbergh baby or even the slightest participation in that or any crime like it, as any one who reads this.

I cannot think how right-minded people anywhere could, being in full possession of the facts that have been presented, imagine even for a moment that I could in any way be connected with the dastardly crime which was committed. Permit me, then, in a little of the time left to me, to review very briefly the things which have led me where I am.

As a boy in Germany I knew hardship. I saw the result of the dissipation of funds earned on drinks and other riotous things in the case of my father. I then and there resolved that I would ever do my utmost to be honest, reliable, and upright, so that some day I might take my place, an honest one, an honorable one, in society, and that by industry and thrift I might prosper, and that

some day I might meet some fine girl to whom I could be wed, and that by diligence and thrift we might make ourselves a home in which to rear our family. I had no thought that I ever would be more than an honest, diligent, upright citizen, a faithful husband and, if it should please God, a loving father.

Is there any one that can't see that I could not be guilty of this crime? Let us go over for a moment, if you please, the testimony which was used against me. It may be divided into four principal parts. First, identification witnesses who appeared against me. Second, the ransom money found in my possession. Third, the handwriting testimony presented by the state. Fourth, the testimony of the so-called wood experts.

As to identification witnesses, it appears to me that by this time every one must realize that the testimony of Hochmuth and Whited, the only two witnesses really used to place me in New Jersey at any time close to the date of the crime, has certainly been completely knocked down. Hochmuth testified that in a fleeting second he saw and recognized me in an automobile as I passed by his home, and that he saw a ladder in my car. This man has been proven, since, to be one who did not live where he testified he did, but who lived in New York City. He was about eighty-seven years of age, and it has come out that he was on relief in New York City, and that at the time he was receiving relief he was suffering from cataracts of both eyes, and his vision was thus seriously affected and he couldn't recognize from day to day people that he saw every day.

It was further brought out, I understand, in affidavits by disinterested parties, that Hochmuth could not tell a piece of wood from a piece of stone as they lay before him. Then he himself has said now that he never saw any suspicious person about the neighborhood of the scene of the crime. In the face of this, could there be any doubt but that Hochmuth has been entirely discredited?

As to the witness Whited, who testified that on two occasions just before the kidnaping he saw me right near the Lindbergh home—it has since developed that on April 23, almost two months after the night of the kidnaping, in a written statement given to the New Jersey State Police, Whited swore he had not seen any strange person about the Sourland Mountains immediately prior to the kidnaping. This statement was made to a New Jersey State Police officer, and apparently was made voluntarily.

Whited also testified that, before he was induced to come over to New York where he claimed to recognize me, he was shown pictures of me over a period of two days, and he also admitted that he was promised one third of a reward of \$25,000 offered by New Jersey to the person who brought about the arrest and conviction of the Lindbergh kidnaper; that he was promised \$35 a day for the time he spent; and that he was promised certain other rewards by the State Police.

It develops that the very careful State Police of New

Jersey, who had been so exceedingly careful about everything else, had failed to take any statement from Whited on the night of the kidnaping when he told them the story of seeing some one there, and the only statement in their file was a statement in which Whited said he had never seen any strange or suspicious person about the Sourland Mountains. I have always had to wonder in the face of that statement why the State Police ever went back to see Whited after my arrest. The facts as related here are undisputable, as an examination of the record of the State Police will, I believe, prove. Very clearly, no reputable eyewitness has ever placed me within the State of New Jersey at, before, or after the kidnaping.

We come now to that so strange man, Dr. John F. Condon, the man who so loves to be called "Jafsie," who I am told stops people on the street, grabs them by the arm, and says, "Do you know I am Jafsie?" That man who has told as many stories as there are minutes in the day. That man who quibbles over difference between identification and declaration of identification. Dr. Condon was a lifelong resident of the Bronx. He is a physical culturist and an ardent lover of outdoor athletics. He is a habituate of a vacation ground near New York known as City Island. I also love the outdoors and love to indulge in athletic games. In July, 1932, I bought a canoe and I kept the same at Dixon's Boat House in City Island. I went there almost daily through the summer evenings, and I went without fail every week end to City Island to Dixon's Boat House, and all through the summers of 1933 and 1934 I continued going to City Island. Dr. Condon, I am advised, has a place of business adjacent to Dixon's Boat House. I am advised he is a rowing enthusiast and frequently rents boats from Dixon's Boat House.

I NEVER knew Dr. Condon. There was no occasion for me to know him. It may well be that he was there and that I saw him any number of times during the summers of 1932, 1933, and 1934, but there was nothing about him to make him stand out in my memory. However, it is impossible to believe that during those three years Dr. Condon never had occasion to see me face to face. I was there and he was there day after day, and if I had been the man whom he had talked to for one hour and fifteen minutes in Woodlawn Cemetery and in St. Raymond's Cemetery, and the man he saw walking along the street as he was riding by in a bus, he would have had me in custody within 1932.

Is it possible that he could have failed to recognize me during that period of time? And yet there he was and there I was.

But Dr. Condon in January, 1935, had not the slightest hesitation in going on the witness stand and positively identifying me as the man he had talked to in Woodlawn Cemetery and the man he had paid the ransom

Hauptmann, electrocuted April 3, and a facsimile of his signature to this final written statement.



in that chamber some of those who have had part in the preparation of my case for the prosecution. It is my belief that their suffering, their agony, will be greater than mine. Mine will be over in a moment. Theirs will last as long as life itself lasts.

Bruno Richard Hauptmann

money to at St. Raymond's. Was he telling the truth?

Likewise, he saw me in the Greenwich Station at New York in September and in the jail at Flemington in November, talking with me in the jail for over an hour, and yet in December, 1934, he approached a prisoner in a Florida prison camp and asked him all kinds of questions about passing ransom money, and then indicated to the man that he thought *he* was the "John" whom he, Condon, had met. If Condon had been in touch with the Lindbergh kidnaper, wouldn't it have been so simple for him to verify the fact that he was dealing with the real kidnaper? Dr. Hudson, that eminent New York scientist, had discovered fingerprints in the Lindbergh nursery of the baby; a ten-cent ink pad handed to the man with whom Dr. Condon was dealing, so that the hand of the child could be pressed on it and then on paper, leaving a fingerprint on the paper, so that a comparison with the fingerprints found by Dr. Hudson could be made, would have definitely proved whether or not Condon was dealing with the kidnaper. No such thing was ever done.

Since my conversation with Condon, he has said in a signed statement that I did not build the ladder and that he knows the man who did build it. He has said that he was offered \$250,000 to change his testimony. Condon has said that it is impossible that this kidnaping job could have been a one-man job. Condon has said that he does not believe that I could have written the phone number found on the board in my closet because there would not have been any necessity for doing it. He has said that a certain woman contacted him and she clearly was one of the group of kidnapers. I could go on and point out any number of things Condon has said that in no manner, shape, or form jibe with the testimony in Flemington.

I am advised that my attorneys have tried desperately to have Condon returned to New Jersey so that they might question him about these things, but they have been entirely unsuccessful. I am advised that my attorneys have been told that under no circumstances would Dr. Condon make himself available to them in order that they might get him to explain his statements.

SECOND, as to the testimony of the ransom money. There wasn't one particle of evidence to disprove the story I told about the ransom money. I told the true story. I got this money in the same manner I have told. I did with it exactly as I have repeatedly told, and I had no more idea that it was the Lindbergh ransom money than the man in the moon. It is strange to me that despite the fact that there was \$50,000 in ransom money passed, and despite the fact that they found \$15,000 of it in my possession, only one additional \$5 bill and one additional \$10 bill ever was attempted to be traced to me. I refer now to the \$10 bill given to the gas-station attendant and the \$5 bill testified about by Celia Barr.

I say without hesitation that Celia Barr lied. I never saw the theater where she was employed and my witnesses very strongly covered the night on which she says the bill was passed to her. There was proof of \$2,980 ransom money being placed in a bank by a Mr. J. J. Mulken and there has been proof of ransom bills shown up here and there, but on not one single occasion could I trace these ransom bills to me. They examined my

brokerage account, examined the lawyer who purchased the mortgage for me, and examined the records of the bank where I had deposited as much as one single dollar, and in no case could they place another ransom bill in my possession. Shouldn't that have shown the truth of my statements? Wasn't my story more reasonable to believe than the attempt of the state to say that some \$49,984 of this money had been traced to me when there wasn't a speck of truth in the statement?

And now as to the handwriting testimony. I have been advised that handwriting experts can be hired on any occasion by anybody who has enough money to pay their

big charges. I am told that often cases arise where handwriting experts are hired on both sides of a case, and that they without a blush of shame go to the witness stand and testify for the side by whom they have been hired. I have been told of an instance where one of the alleged experts who testified against me testified in the case *re* Sullivan in Central New York wherein, immediately after the expert swore that a certain signature was that of a man named Sullivan, he was confronted with undisputable evidence that the signature had been written by a professional penman in Rochester months after the death of Mr. Sullivan.

ONE of the experts testifying against me in my case conceded that, as a result of a mistake he had made, an innocent man served three or four years in a Western penitentiary.

I wonder if the public knows that the State of New Jersey spent more money for handwriting experts' testimony than my defense had from the first day of my arrest down to the present time. And then I wonder if they know about the method by which handwriting experts get specimens from which to make their examination. I was directed to sit down in a Greenwich Station and told to write

the following dictation. I was told to write exactly as it was dictated to me, and this included writing words spelled as I was told to spell them. I will venture to say that if any person reading these lines had been found with the \$15,000 of ransom money, handwriting experts could have been found in these United States who would have testified that the handwriting on the ransom notes was the handwriting of the person who had the ransom bills.

And so we come to the ladder testimony. I am a carpenter. I am considered a good carpenter. I have done any number of carpentry jobs of which I am proud. There are any number of places prosecution authorities could have gone to see specimens of my handiwork. It is impossible that any carpenter, any man skilled in that trade, could have built the kidnap ladder. And then the testimony of the witness Koehler that the now famous "Rail 16" was part and parcel of a board that had been originally placed in my attic floor. Shortly after I moved to the address where I lived when I was arrested, in late 1931, I built a new garage on the premises and did other little carpentry jobs about the premises and was continually going to the lumber yards buying lumber. Is it possible that I, or any other man planning the use of a ladder in such a crime, would climb up a trap door into the attic and use a piece of board from the floor for such a ladder? I say it is beyond possibility.

And what of the testimony presented in my behalf?

"The Lindbergh Case Is Still Unsolved"

The man Hauptmann is dead.

His wife has been widowed and his child orphaned.

Nothing that can now be done by any one will bring him back.

However, the death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann did not close, in any sense of the word, the investigation being conducted by those who believe in the innocence of the deceased. On the contrary, his death has only spurred them to greater effort to bring a definite and conclusive solution to this greatest of all mysteries in the long history of American jurisprudence.

When this investigation is finished, I believe that clear-thinking people everywhere will agree that the testimony presented against Hauptmann was testimony of the most circumstantial nature, in which inference was drawn from inference, and on which no human being should have been convicted and killed.

I also believe that it will not only be possible to clear the name of this man, but in due course, when conditions in New Jersey are different from those existing at the present time, to bring about a complete and conclusive solution of this mystery.

To that end, all those who have fought so valiantly that justice might be done will continue in their efforts to bring this case to a proper, correct, and just conclusion.

(Signed) C. LLOYD FISHER.

Why was it totally ignored? Dr. Hudson, an eminent physician and scientist of New York City, now an officer of the Police Department of New York City, testified that although the State Police reported that not a single fingerprint could be found on the ladder or in the nursery, he found any number of prints in the nursery room and about 500 on the ladder. And not one of the fingerprints found by Dr. Hudson was mine. How could the jury get away from that?

And the testimony of Celia Barr—didn't my witnesses completely offset her testimony? She picked an important day in my life to give as the date upon which I had passed a ransom note. She picked my birthday, and witness after witness testified that I was in my home entertaining at a birthday party, twenty miles from the theater where she said I passed the ransom bill. Apparently my witnesses, honest, reliable, homey folks, were given no consideration.

What about my alibi for the night of March 1, 1932? Witness after witness testified as to where I was. The wrath and the venom of the combined State Police forces of New Jersey and of New York were turned loose on my witnesses and records of their lives were searched for some blemish to be brought out against them.

In the early days of my youth war assailed the world. Scarcely more than a boy, I was thrown in with hardened soldiers and obliged to live the life they lived. At the conclusion of my service in the war I was returned to my native village with absolutely no resources, and shattered in health. I found my family poverty-stricken, due to the conduct of my father and to war conditions. I was hungry; so were my family; so were my neighbors. So was every one in Germany. I was not properly clad, since Germany had only a meager supply of clothing to give to returning soldiers.

I HAVE talked with many American soldiers, and they have told me that they, under the same desperate circumstances, did the same thing I did. In order that I might keep body and soul together, I stole. I stole food. I stole an overcoat on one occasion. I did the very, very same thing that hundreds of returning veterans of all countries did upon their return from the hell that was war. I never committed a crime of violence, never injured a human being, and the criminal record that was so much talked about in the early days of my arrest and during the long days of my trial consisted solely of theft of things which I had to have for my very existence.

I don't ask the world to condone what I did, but I do ask them to consider the facts and circumstances. I served the full time that the state exacted, and when I first stowed away to America, I did not escape from any jail, as has been said. The worst that can be said of me is that I violated a parole.

I came to America—to my mind the land of opportunity, a new world. I was fortunate in meeting a very wonderful girl, who, having full knowledge of my past, honored me by becoming my wife. I worked hard, faithfully, and did whatever job I could get to do, and my wife likewise constantly worked for wages. We saved, getting along on as little as possible so we could store away as much as possible for the future. Much has been said about my finances, but the facts, irrefutable, were that we had accumulated some considerable means prior to January 1, 1932, and we were a happy, contented couple. In the fall of 1933 God in His goodness saw fit to give us our son Mannfried, a lovely little fellow and the object of all the affection, love, and kindness that loving parents could give him.

Thus, at thirty-five years of age, there seemed to be ahead for myself and my family just the thing I had dreamed of. True, our home was a modest one, but we were contented and happy. I had reason to look forward to the continuation of my life along its beaten course. I had reason to look forward to old age that would bring contentment and satisfaction.

Then, unexpected like a lightning bolt or earthquake, came my arrest for the murder of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. It is impossible to describe how I felt when I realized that I was being charged with that most dastardly crime of all times. It must all be a joke, it



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COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

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NEXT NIGHT 7:45

WELL, MR. BRINT,
WE'RE ALL SET.
I SEE YOU'VE
SHAVED—

YOU'RE WRONG,
MAC, I USED
COLGATE'S THIS
MORNING... THOSE
SKIN-LINE SHAVES
CERTAINLY LAST...
AND MY SKIN
FEELS GREAT!

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SHAVE CLEAN
SMALL BUBBLES

LEAVE STUBBLE
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made of bubbles too big to get to the tiny bubbles that base of the beard! get clear down to Air pockets keep the skin-line. Its the soap film from rich soap film soaks reaching the whisker's beard soft at kers. So the beard the base. Makes your is only half-wilted, shaves last longer.

WHY NOT TRY COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM?
ITS SMALL BUBBLES MAKE
TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING
UNNECESSARY... GIVE
YOU A SKIN-LINE SHAVE
THAT REALLY LASTS.

SORRY, MR. BRINT,
WE'RE SHOOTING
CLOSE-UPS AGAIN
AT 8:30 TONIGHT,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
SHAVE AGAIN.

HANG IT! ONE
MORE WEEK
OF THIS TWICE-
A-DAY SHAVING
AND I WON'T HAVE
ANY FACE LEFT
TO SHAVE.

STAR Saves FACE!

must all be a farce, all some horrible mistake! I knew nothing about the Lindbergh baby. I knew nothing about the ransom money. I knew nothing about that crime or any crimes in connection with it, and I confidently expected that within a day or two I would be returned to my home, my wife, and my baby.

But no such thing happened. I was not returned but was extradited to New Jersey, tried for the murder of this child, convicted by a jury, and sentenced to death; and, despite every effort on the part of my counsel, my conviction has been upheld and I am now near the day upon which the law says I must die.

But what of the Friedrichsons, who said I was always in the bakery on Tuesday and Friday nights? March 1 was on a Tuesday. What of my wife, honest and loyal and an upright Christian woman to whom truth is sacred? What of the young man Carlson, against whose character not a bit of evidence could be found? What of Louis Kiss, who definitely knew the night he saw me and could fix it by two separate events both of moment in his life? What of von Henke? What of Manley, the old man who arose from a sickbed to come and testify that on the night of March 1, at nine o'clock in the evening, he saw me in the Friedrichson bakery?

I had no money to hire these witnesses. The State of New Jersey spent thousands of dollars. Money flowed like water in their effort to convict me. Thousands were spent to bring the Fisch family to America. There was no such incentive for witnesses to testify for me. There was no entertainment in the Hotel Hildebrecht for my witnesses; no expensive tours to Coney Island and visits to the

theater as was provided by the State to the Fisch family. Not one five-cent piece was paid to them except their bare traveling expenses from New York City to Flemington, New Jersey. And yet witness after witness, interested solely that justice be done, came forward of their own accord and testified as to where I had been. But, apparently, the jury could see but one side of this case.

What of the testimony showing that I had worked the afternoon of April 2 until five thirty in the afternoon on a carpentry job in downtown New York? Is that the action of a man who has a plan of action for nine o'clock that will get him \$50,000? As I listened to the testimony of the witnesses produced in my behalf, none of whom were known to me personally, bar my wife and Mr. Kloppenburg and possibly one or two others, I felt very happy, because I could not conceive in the face of such overwhelming proof that I could be held as the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby. I was to learn to my bitter sorrow just how mistaken I really was.

And so I sit, ten feet removed from the electric chair, and unless something can be done to aid me, unless something can be done to make some one tell the truth, or unless some one does tell it, I shall at eight o'clock Friday evening, in response to the call from my keepers, raise myself from my cot for the last time and shall walk that "last mile." I suppose there will be in that chamber some of those who have had part in the preparation of my case for the prosecution. It is my belief that their suffering, their agony, will be greater than mine. Mine will be over in a moment. Theirs will last as long as life itself lasts.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—It happened one night; she married her boss; the bride comes home—but the still at the right was snapped before all that. Do you recognize her?

2—How does one play ducks and drakes?

3—How were funds raised for the monument to George Washington at Baltimore?

4—Did Louis Untermeyer distinguish himself as poet or lawyer?

5—Which state was first to close its banking institutions during the "bank holidays" of 1933?

6—Is a saber straight or curved?

7—What separates Newfoundland from Cape Breton Island?

8—Which thrice-weekly radio serial is preceded by and terminated with a laugh?

9—What is white damp?

10—What three pastimes should a runner avoid?

11—Where, in the Bible, are long-haired women praised?



12—Is sunshine hotter in winter or summer?

13—Who were the stars of the photoplay Cavalcade?

14—What tree of northern Africa and western Asia bears fruit from 100 to 200 years?

15—Which President, who was born in New Jersey and died there, was Mayor of New York City and Governor of New York?

16—Are gyves properly worn in the hair, in a Turkish bath, or about the legs?

17—The preamble to what contained the following: "... in order to form a permanent federal government, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, and secure the blessings of liberty," etc.?

18—Stanford White was killed by whom?

19—What kind of triangle is shown at the right?

20—Who was the traveling evangelist who at one time headed an international army?



(Answers will be found on page 48)

THE SPIDER'S EYE

A Poem of the G-Men—The Tribute of One Who Learned to Know Them Well

by JOHN F. (JAFSIE) CONDON

Come, gangster, bring me a lens—
See the long years passing.
By twenties and by tens
Note your great companions,
Heroes of the past
Who thought themselves
immune,
Whose glory could not last.

Wrongdoing is ephemeral;
Just let me tell you why:
It's always in the focus
Of the watchful Spider's eye.
This curious spinning, cunning,
Crafty, wary, watchful thing
Eclipses all the fauna,
On earth or on the wing.
The Spider's eye has many
plates
At every angle spread.
It scans the acts of living,
Has memories of the dead.
The former are detected,
The latter analyzed,
United by the truth,
Which won't be compromised.
And then by constant weaving,
From every age and clime,
The college of experience
Will solve each ghastly crime.
The deed is done and we forget
As years go passing by;
But plates point out the culprit
In the watchful Spider's eye.
The darkest shadow noticed
Is the one within the range
Of sharp designing Spider;
And yet, however strange,
He passes all the others.

Now, gangster, ply your trade!
You come within the Spider's eye
Through shadows crime has
made.



The author.

And take the darkest spot
Reflected on the special plate;
They view the smallest dot.
They show that crime can
never win,
Can never really pay.
Your deeds are known through
Spider's eye—
You cannot get away!

G-men will scan the mountains,
Will tramp the meadows
green,
Will search the hidden forests—
For Justice' sake, I mean,
Traverse the hills and high-
ways,
Delve in darkest nooks and
mines,
Interpret strokes in writing,
Translate all cryptic signs.
No symbol that is noticed
Can ever pass it by;
It leaves its one dark image
Within the Spider's eye.
The clever evildoer
Will always leave a trace.

Regardless of his caution.

It may not be his face,
His hat, his shoe, his button,
His weapon, or his voice;
His fingerprints unguarded
Will make G-men rejoice.
What's seen, touched, heard, or
tasted,

Some scent or something lifted
Will leave that one dark image.

G-men will have all sifted:
Wood, metal, mineral tested—
No object passes by.
They catch the dark reflection
From the plates in the Spider's
eye.

So, gangsters, you can't fool
them!

They work in light or dark;
They catch the slickest criminal;
They never miss their mark.

Just take a friendly warning,
Before I go away.
The Spider's eye will show
you

Crime will never pay!
For back of all your actions
An image stands of you,
Taken from the many films
The G-men had in view.
And when you, gangster, living
And thinking you rejoice,
The G-men pounce upon you,
Through your face, act, or
voice

The many mirrors hold you;
But G-men fail to call
Until they see the mirror,
And the image made of all.

So, gangster, walk the straight
road!

Uncle Sam is standing by,
With his gallant, busy G-men—
The Spider's watchful eye.

Hurricanes of Fire from Land, Sea, and Sky ... A Swift and Frightening Novel of War in 1937

READING TIME
27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

RUMORS of war are on every tongue in Yokohama in the spring of 1937, and Lieutenant James Thurlow Grant, U. S. N., learns from a drunken German that Japan has built giant submarines that can go to California and return without refueling. Borrowing the trampish clothes of his devoted hanger-on, Mike Delevan, the youthful and impulsive naval officer manages to scale the wall of the Yokosuka dockyard under the shadow of darkness. Scouting about, he comes upon the supersubmarines.

His one thought is that Washington must be warned immediately, but his spying is discovered by Yokosuka sentries. Before they can capture him he vanishes, and they suspect he has sought the haven of a parked limousine. They investigate, but a beautiful white girl routs them with the declaration that they are invading the sanctity of the property of their awesome war lord, Prince Kakagawa.

All the time, Lieutenant Grant is under a heavy robe at her feet; and when the sentries withdraw she, Marian Lamar, smuggles him out of the dangerous confines. Engaged though he is to Rita Cannelle back home, the lieutenant finds himself fascinated by Miss Lamar. Then, quite out of the blue, Prince Kakagawa invites him to dinner, and there he meets the mysterious girl again.

But most politely the prince informs Grant that he and Mike Delevan, together with Miss Lamar, must embark at once for Honolulu. He intimates that Japan is unsafe for foreigners.

At sea they discover that there was a plot to sink their steamer! And almost at the same moment of their arrival in Honolulu a fleet of Japanese planes begin to bomb the island of Oahu. Young Grant tells Admiral Neville, stationed there, what he knows.

Hawaii is practically unprepared for attack. The lieutenant gets into the field of battle at an observation hole. Under a rain of death, Marian, Mike, and an English officer, Colonel Cawbley-Cawbley, seek him out. Mike reports that the Japanese in Hawaii have risen and are killing, burning, and raping.

Overhead the sky is black with planes. His visitors interfere with Grant's work. He is frantic, and shouts:
"Get the hell out of here!"



WITHOUT

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING

PART FOUR—"YOU CAN'T GO WITHOUT ME!"

AT odd intervals during that harrowing day I worried about my family and about Marian Lamar. But most keenly I worried about my brother. I accepted Mike's theory that he had run away from home to fight in the trenches.

Ever since I could remember he had wanted to be a soldier. The navy meant little to him. He wanted to drive a tank. He wanted to be in command of a battery of big guns. He wanted to lead a charge sitting on a great black steed.

He was fifteen now. He must be big. I hadn't seen him for two years—not since the day he put on his first long pants. Fifteen but still a baby. He had no business in a firing line—

I looked for him in the crowds of women and children and old men who thronged the plateau, sitting and standing and lying down in the ruins of the barracks; around the hospital buildings, on the edges of Wheeler Field, and along the crest of the heights. There were hundreds there. Some of them looked on with dull



The eagles came back, and the beetles came full speed ahead. Two shells burst in one of the beetles — burst together. She went down almost immediately.

I L L U S T R A T I O N

B Y

C H A R L E S B R Y S O N

a sudden downpour that ruined hats and dresses and food hastily prepared and meant for emergencies. So many of those people had had to flee from their homes. They had been able to take so little. And now it was spoiled.

But they didn't grumble. They didn't run from the rain. There were women there who had seen their husbands murdered, their daughters raped, their homes looted and burned. There were women there whose sons and husbands were somewhere in those trenches, dying perhaps, or about to die. What was rain to them—the mud, the food destroyed?

Down below it was raining fire. The Fuso, the Yamashiro, the Ise, and the Hiuga were firing their big guns—paving a road of corpses for their troops, they thought. But the shells buried themselves too deeply in the soft sandy soil to do any great amount of damage.

It was thrilling to watch—that dark smoking grimy line out on the blue with the bright-red flames leaping through it—and the American line that seemed nothing but flying earth and sand and sparks. A quiet line, out there on the sea; down below, a line that heaved and tossed and roared with thunder

enough to shake the entire island.

The pursuit planes, the black angels of Japan, were high up over the American line. Our machine guns had sent them up there. They were signaling to the fleet. It must have seemed to them no living thing could remain among those heaps of smoking earth. They were signaling the guns to cease fire.

The guns obeyed, and for one awful moment there was silence—silence more terrible than sound, more full of suspense and fear and blood-freezing horror.

One moment of stillness—and then a woman screaming not far away from me, and then the clamor of the guns again, and a voice in my earphones saying quietly:

"Japanese bombing planes returning from Kauai."

I wrote the message and gave it to one of my two runners.

"Get it to General Connelly at all costs," I said. "Scram!"

He scrambled.

The smoke of the naval guns vanished, and there behind the battle wagons were eight large transports and

WARNING

ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

sang hymns all through the battle. Most of them were women. I had been angry and frightened when I saw Marian. I had resented her presence. Women should not be seen on battlefields, I thought. Yet after a time I got over that feeling. I began to realize it was only natural these women should be there, watching their menfolks in their hour of peril, praying for them, hovering near, that they might be of use.

Curiosity, no doubt, brought some to this scene of carnage; but warmer human emotions drew the big majority of them—fear of the Japs in the rioting city, hope of succor at the barracks, feminine solicitude for men.

There was a priest there. He stood a little apart from every one else, with a parasol held over him. With his right hand he kept making the sign of the cross, giving conditional absolution to the dying. All day long he stood there, in the sun and the rain, alone and sorrowful. And there were other clergymen, comforting their flocks, leading the praying, leading the hymns.

Scarce had the big battleships moved in close than it began to rain. It rained on the heights only. It was

two small cruisers towing strings of strange-looking barges.

I gave my binoculars to the other runner and asked him if he knew what those barges were. He was an old-timer. He had fought in several armies. He might have seen something like them before.

"Beetles, sir," he said. "Steel barges with round ends and their own motors, and gangways that drop down when they hit the beach, so's the men inside can rush ashore in no time. I saw 'em used at Suvla Bay, sir. Cruisers are casting them off now. They're comin' in."

I grabbed the glasses from him. There were, I estimated, about five hundred men in each of those beetles.

"Tell that to General Bernhard," I said. "Scram!"

The battleships opened a heavy fire with their 5.5- and 6-inch guns to cover the advance of the beetles. There were a dozen of them. Six thousand men. They were taking their time, confident they would have little opposition—but nevertheless waiting for the bombers to make the attack still easier for them. Men were leaving the transports like swarms of yellow ants, getting into other boats and barges.

The roar of sirens filled the air behind me. I turned. A khaki-colored car shot into sight around the shoulder of the hill. Two motorbikes came swooping after it. Then I saw a truck, and another truck and another, each one full of soldiers.

An officer stood up in the khaki car and waved an arm. The cavalcade swept shrieking up to the side of the road and stopped, women and boys running out of the way. Out leaped officers and men. They ran about like excited chickens without a purpose. But they had a purpose, and a very definite one.

Four men stood some distance apart, like four marking posts. Others set up weird-looking instruments. Still others connected a field-telephone set.

More and more trucks came up, and then a tractor, and the upward-pointing snout of an antiaircraft gun. Colonel Server's 64th had arrived, and four guns were in position a second or two before I saw the bombers. There were forty or fifty of them, flying low, coming slowly, contemptuous of all the antiaircraft guns that might await them.

They came as wild ducks come, in little v's. And they fell as wild ducks fall.

Server greeted them with a perfect hell of shellfire. Three planes were hit before the leading flight could get above its target. On one plane the bombs exploded in mid-air, tossing the entire flight about like feathers. There was so much smoke about me I could scarce make out what was happening—but presently I saw only four flights of bombers left in the sky. Four flights out of six. And they were climbing slowly out to sea, out and up, meaning to circle around and come back at an altitude too high for Server's rifles.

The pursuit ships were so far above them they were mere dots.

SERVER'S guns ceased fire. As though that were a signal, the 4th Observation Squadron, Major Paul Merrill, took wing. Eleven ships, big two-ton planes well armed with machine guns fore and aft and with light bombs. They went up without orders. Indeed they feared to ask for orders, lest they be told to hug the ground.

All the time Server's guns had been playing with those bombers Merrill's squadron had been warming up, and the major had taken off in his big Thomas-Morse O-19E, flying low above the ground, ready to duck for cover if the Japanese pursuit swooped down on him, ready to fly to the assault if Server failed at his task.

"Attack enemy bombing planes," he signaled—and the bombs of war slipped away and up and out to sea, overtaking the bombers fast, getting on their tails. They were forty miles an hour faster than the bombers. They were much better climbers. Gallant O-19s! They knew they were going to their deaths. But the doughboys in the trenches must be saved.

Up, up, up they went, far out over the little toy ships. Then down, down, down they plunged, spitting tracers in long flaming streaks. The Japanese answered as best

they could; but their formations were broken, and something like panic overtook them, they were so helpless.

In among them the Yankee hawks went with beak and talon, ducking, diving, zooming, making red feathers fly. The whole blue sky was littered with falling, blazing, smoking planes.

Then on the Yankee hawks fell the terrible eagles of Japan—a great flock of them, angry enough to crash against the planes they could not damage with machine guns.

Merrill fell, and all his men with him. But more than thirty Japanese bombers fell before him, and four pursuit ships. The doughboys were saved from slaughter by falling bombs.

The Japs were masters of the air again. But at what a price! Westward toward Kauai, where the aircraft carrier Hosho was awaiting them, winged three bombing planes—all that were left of the mighty armada that had filled the sky a few moments since.

But the eagles came back, and the beetles came full speed ahead, and back of them scores of open boats towed by power launches. The cannonading had failed. The bombers had failed. But the Japanese high command could wait no longer. To the attack!

THIS was what Colonel Spoot's 11th Field Artillery had been waiting for. Their howitzers, carefully hidden from those all-seeing eagles, allowed the beetles to come through the reefs and head into the channels to the bays, six into Waialua Bay, six into Kaiaka. "Commence firing!"

Hundred-pound shells soared slanting up from the wide round mouths of the howitzers, and came down almost vertically. The steel sheathing of the Japanese barges might be a protection against rifle fire or shrapnel; but it was like paper to those shells.

Two shells burst in one of the beetles—burst together. She went down almost immediately. But the five hundred men within her were not drowned. You cannot drown the dead.

The beetles began to zigzag as though they were insane or drunk—hoping to fool the guns. A second beetle was hit. A shell burst under the nose of a third and almost lifted her out of the water. As her bow rose, four shells struck her, and burst after they'd gone through.

The 8th Field Artillery, whose 75-millimeter guns had just come up, joined in the sport of beetle hunting, throwing 15-pound shells with dreadful accuracy.

Three more beetles went below the surface of the sea. And some of the open boats behind. And one of the power launches. The water was stained, and speckled with little helpless dots of swimmers. Two beetles were crippled and still, drifting on the water. The guns did not fire at these, for there was no sign of life within them.

The Japanese were fanatically brave, but they could not withstand that accurate fire. They retired—those who could. The guns of the fleet commenced their work again, and the planes dived venomously and fearlessly to attack American guns and gunners.

"Large Japanese forces have landed west of Moku-leia," said a voice in my ear, "and are advancing to envelop my left. Estimate strength as one brigade plus three batteries light guns. Signed Wilburn, Colonel 35th Infantry."

"Find General Bernhard," I said, scribbling. "Scram!"

"Scram it is, sir."

I didn't look around at the man. I knew he was one of my runners. I didn't want to look. I was watching those Japanese boats. They had reached the beach in spite of all our guns. They had landed troops.

American machine guns cut them down, but others sprang up out of the sand and the grass; and when these fell, still others took their places. Now that the troops had landed, there seemed no end to them! A magic hand was multiplying them. Boats were plying between shore and ships like needle and thread through a blue cloth.

The American fire redoubled in volume. The Japanese attack grew stronger and stronger—then suddenly, eerily, melted away; and there were only heaps and rows of bodies, heaps and rows and hillocks of yellow bodies,

and behind them men standing and men running and men wavering and men with swords who harangued and pleaded.

The Americans broke out of the trenches and fell on those living men with hand grenades and bayoneted rifles.

The Japanese reeled back, broke, fled into the surging waters.

Red and yellow signal flags danced madly on the beach.

A Japanese plane roared across the sands, making a line against the azure sky, a line of chalky smoke that masked the rout.

Winds blowing seaward swept the smoke away. There were no men standing on the beach. There were no men crawling. But the water was alive with boats, and the boats were alive with new thousands.

I could almost hear them crying "Banzai!" as they leaped to the red wet sands and came running through the windrows of their dead and wounded comrades.

Across the flatlands they came savagely, more and more and more of them, crawling over their dead, pausing not at all except when they stopped a bullet.

The van was caught in a terrible cross fire from the machine guns, and checked but not beaten back.

Other troops had landed to the north, in spite of all our guns, and were trying to cross the salt marshes to outflank the 35th. That regiment called on the 27th for help. But the 27th had its hands full and could not help. It was in danger of being enveloped by the ever-growing number of the Japanese.

I WAS not surprised when I received a message for the naval station:

"We are retiring to positions already prepared inland."

Retiring! And was my brother retiring with them? Lord, where was he?

Fresh battalions of Japanese were landing constantly now all along the beach. Barges plied from transport to shore, carrying guns and men and horses. The 19th Infantry harassed them. The artillery plowed through them. But nothing stopped them. Nothing the American army had could stop them.

Three batteries of the 55th Coast Artillery came roaring up from Fort Kamehameha with their 6-inch rifles and did terrible execution among those landing parties. But the boats came and went and came again.

In time the 19th and the artillery and other units withdrew from those positions down below; and the exulting Japanese came swarming up the hillsides, at least two divisions of them. They came up cheering, singing, shooting. They went up the gullies, and land mines left by the engineers slaughtered them by the hundreds. They came over the open ground, and machine guns and rifles cut them down. But still they came.

Groups of tired doughboys came presently past my hole, the maimed,

the blind, the wounded who could walk. Women soaked with the rain rushed to them, offering thermos bottles of warm coffee, buckets of water, cigarettes, hard-boiled eggs, pieces of bread that had not been spoiled by the downpour.

Bullets were falling all around now. Several women were killed. A boy with a letter H on his jersey was killed. I looked everywhere for my brother. I did not see him.

There was nothing to stop the transports from landing their troops. They landed tens of thousands. Three great floating piers, evidently assembled in Kauai, fully equipped with cranes and landing stages, came over

the horizon, towed by destroyers. They were secured to the shore. And now Japan could land all the heavy artillery she needed for the siege, and all the stores, and all the ammunition.

It was evident an attack in overwhelming strength was developing. The fire of all our guns could do nothing to prevent it. We were trying to whittle a forest with dull knives.

"Japanese ships approaching the southwest coast," said the voice in my earphones. "With transports. They'll probably land at Barber's Point and take you in the rear. Nice going, lieutenant?"

"Very nice!" I snapped back at



What makes "Click" a girl?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

The pity of it is that Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep

the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

him. "I'll have the reception committee ready at the depot."

I was scared. But I wouldn't let anybody know it.

I had no runners with me, and no time to wait for them. I must deliver this message myself—and it was hard to get out of that slimy slippery hole. I fell three times before I finally squirmed over its edge.

Fortunately I had no trouble finding General Connelly. I gave him the message.

He swore, and laughed at me. I was soaked to the skin. I had lost my cap. My hair was as muddy as my once white uniform, and I suppose my face was as filthy as my hands.

He had in reserve only a battalion of the 21st Infantry, one of marines, one of the Hawaiian National Guard, three batteries of the 55th, and a volunteer company enrolled from the R. O. T. C. of the University of Hawaii. A few hundred men. A few hundred boys. A dozen guns. That was all he could send against the new menace in our rear.

"Let me go with them, general," a woman called to him. "I can shoot. I can shoot fine!"

"Let me go too," a little boy said. "I got a gun. Look, general—I got a gun."

He held up a little cap pistol, the barrel rusty, the trigger broken.

"I want you to stay here," the general said. He patted the little boy's head, and he didn't smile. "I need fellows like you to protect the ladies."

The woman picked up the little boy and hugged him and carried him away. She was crying bitterly.

We heard heavy firing to the southwest.

"What's that?" the general asked.

"Probably the Gamble and the Ramsey," I suggested. I hurried back to my hole.

"What's that firing out at sea?"

"Gamble and Ramsey, sir. The little devils are licking the tar out of two big Japanese destroyers."

A little later I heard further news:

"The destroyer Akikaze struck a mine. She sank very promptly, thank you. The transport Fushimi Maru was mined forward, but she got to shoal water off Brown's Camp, damn her! The Gamble and the Ramsey have turned the Urakaze into a floating bonfire. They're coming in now. Into the harbor. The Japs are following. There goes old Kamehameha. She fired a few shells. The Japs have quit following. Listen, lieutenant. There's a lot of Jap mine sweepers all around, trying to clean up the mess o' mines the Gamble and Ramsey laid. Watch out for them. Clever, these Japanese!"

I know little of what happened in that Japanese attack to the southwest. I was not in touch with any observer there. I could see nothing of it from my post. But I learned before I left Oahu that it had been gallant and futile on our part. The marines, the infantry, the artillery, the national guard, and the schoolboys charged and died. They died in the face of overwhelming odds.

We had no chance—not in the southwest.

IN our sector we were holding out well when the clipper ship came—the Orient Clipper fresh from San Diego. Connelly was sustaining a well directed attack along his whole front. His flanks were reasonably secure, resting as they did in broken mountainous country; but the Japanese came on with such tremendous numbers and such a reckless disregard of losses that he knew it was but a question of time when he must give way.

He made a splendid counterattack with the 11th Tank Company; but Japanese pack artillery checked the tanks and sent them scurrying back.

Connelly himself came to my hole in the ground in mid-afternoon.

"The Japanese 5th Division has landed successfully," he said, "and is advancing on my rear."

I transmitted the message as he gave it:

"I am engaged with two divisions on my front. I can detach no further units to meet this new threat. Pearl Harbor is lost, and the city of Honolulu. No defense of either is possible. I can only defend the central plateau on which Schofield Barracks stands. Advise Admiral Neville to destroy and abandon Pearl Harbor and the

naval station, and join me here as soon as possible with all effectives and ordnance."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. And then: "Now hell's gonna pop!"

I stayed in my hole another hour or more before Admiral Neville summoned me for that flight across the Pacific.

It was a mournful hour, with the Japanese creeping closer, the wounded coming past me in ever-thickening numbers, and the voice in my earphones telling me fresh news.

"Did you hear that bang? Just blew up the big dry dock. There go the piers! Hear them? They're mining the hangars, the machine shop, all the buildings, even the admiral's quarters. The Tanager, the Lark, the Quail, the Whippoorwill are laying a few mines at the channel entrance. We're going to blow them up. We're going to blow up the big subtender Beaver, after we load her with cement and iron beams and stuff, and sink her in the outer entrance through the reef. All vessels lying at the naval base are being destroyed. What the hell good are they, anyway? They're out of commission."

WHAT could you expect, having valuable ships "out of commission" at a distant base like Pearl Harbor, where the ordinary processes of mobilization couldn't take place? Where could you get men to work those ships? Not in Oahu. But there they were. There was nothing to do but destroy them.

"Uniformed Japanese troops are attacking the station," the voice went on after a time. "They must have heard us blowing everything to hell. The bluejackets and the leathernecks are taking care of them. But they're having their plenty headaches. These Jap troops came up out of nowhere. Guess they're natives. They tell me there's bitter street fighting in the town."

"Heard anything about my family?" I couldn't help asking.

"You're Lieutenant Grant, aren't you? No, sir—haven't heard a word. But wait. Here's a hot one. Those Honolulu Japs have captured three batteries of the 55th on their way from Fort Ruger to your dressing room. Butchered them almost to a man, and took the guns. So long. I'm getting out of here. Good luck, sir!"

I sent a runner to Connelly with the last message, and waited for further orders.

While I waited I saw Mike. He had evidently been in the fighting. One arm, his left, was in a sling. There was a scratch across his right cheek. His nose was cut—and spread flatter than it had ever been. He held a dozen Japanese helmets and a Japanese sword in his right hand.

"Glory be!" he shouted, catching sight of me. "Did we give them hell? Sure I've been swimming in blood, sir. I killed a dozen of them with the bayonet alone. So help me! And I haven't had a drink this blessed day."

One of my runners gave him a pint bottle half full. Mike blessed him, raised the bottle to his lips, and emptied the bottle. He threw it into the mud.

"A lifesaver," he said. "It puts new heart in a man. Now I'll go back and kill a dozen more."

He started—stopped short. He began to dance up and down in his excitement.

"A clipper ship!" he cried. "A clipper ship, by all that's holy! Hurray!"

He ran, and then I saw the ship nosing swiftly and quietly down for a landing at Wheeler Field.

Women and girls and boys began to scream with happiness at sight of that tremendous bird. They knew it had come from the States. Where else could it have come from? There was safety in the very sight of it—safety and new hope and terrible joy. There would be other ships like it soon. And there would be battleships and cruisers steaming in from California and the Panama Canal to drive the Japanese forever from this island. America had not forgotten them in their hour of peril.

Everybody near me was running toward the plane as it taxied to a stop. No, not everybody. The priest was still there, still alone, still giving the hope of heaven to those about to die.

One of my runners flung himself down on the rim of the hole and thrust a message into my hands. I was to

report at once to the admiral. I was going home in the clipper.

The runner helped me up. I saw the admiral. He was talking to the general and other army men. The place was full of sailors and marines. They had apparently just come up in autos and trucks from the naval station. Dozens of mechanics swarmed over the plane, refilling her gas tanks, giving her oil, patting her wings, making rough love to her.

I knew one of the men who had come in that plane: Lieutenant Paul Williams. He didn't know me at first, I was so dirty.

"Why, it's Scram Grant!" he said. He turned to the admiral. "I wouldn't want a better navigator, sir."

"And no man," said the admiral, "knows more about our condition and the action that brought it about. Lieutenant Grant, Admiral Rulton is most anxious to be informed of the situation here. You will fly back with Lieutenant Williams. I shall have dispatches for you."

"And I," General Connelly said.

They turned away and left me with Williams. Then Marian Lamar came running to me across the field.

"You're going in that plane?" she asked me.

"Orders," I said.

God knows I didn't want to leave her there.

"Take me with you."

I shook my head. I thought she didn't know what she was asking, but she did.

She threw her arms about my neck.

"You can't go without me," she said. "You can't, you can't!"

I LIKED that, and I didn't like it. I was afraid to go in that plane myself. I've always been afraid of planes. I wouldn't have taken her with me under any circumstances on a military mission. She should know that. I thought she was trying to use me, use my love for her.

I shook her off.

I walked away from her, and because I didn't look where I went I tripped on a dead man's ankle and fell. I fell—and looked down into the dead face of my brother. He looked as though he slept. But there was a bullet hole in his forehead.

I didn't believe it at first. That couldn't be Bobby. It wasn't Bobby! But there was the same lock of hair I used to tease him about—the last of his baby curls grown into a stubborn bang that he couldn't keep out of his eyes. There were the thick freckles on his snub nose. There, wet with blood and rain and soiled by mud, was the tie I had sent him last Christmas.

I looked up, after a time, and saw faces looking down at me. I didn't know those faces. One of them spoke:

"The kid brother, lieutenant?"

"Yes," I said.

Then I saw Mike kneeling beside me in the mud. He was pinning his Congressional Medal on Bobby's coat.

"Hell," he said, in a sort of apology, "he won it! Besides, I can get me another one."

How proud Bobby would have been had he heard Mike's words! And how he would have laughed!

"I'd like to take him home," I said. "His mother would want to kiss him. His father would want to pray over him, give him Christian burial. His kid sister would want to see that medal."

"I say," another voice said. "Let me take him home. British flags on our car, you know. Those beggars won't molest us. They jolly well wouldn't dare! Our navy'd blow them out of the water."

"Thanks," I said. I recognized him, Colonel Cawbley-Cawbley.

What did I care for his gibe at our navy? Anyway, he probably didn't know he'd said anything to hurt my pride. And he was kind and brave.

I gave him my father's address, and started toward the clipper.

Forced to leave his relatives and Marian in mortal danger and to fly across the Pacific—if they can make it—what has fate in further store for Lieutenant Grant? What will he find in California? The next issue of *Liberty* will give you action you will never forget.



There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...

When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
Are still absorbed in their young affairs...

There's always your friend in the yellow pack,
To restore the calmness you sometimes lack...

So taste the flavor that made the name,
And learn that to you the cost is the same.

Compose yourself
WITH
Beech-Nut
THE QUALITY GUM



A Colorful Story
of Kingly Pride
and a Harem
Won and Lost



THE Saga of RING-NECK

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

OCTOBER had come again—the mad month for game birds and waterfowl; time of drumming on logs, of fierce battles and erratic aimless flights through the forest without even regard for safety or direction. The rousing cry of quail and the booming of cock partridge echoed in the spruce groves.

Even the pheasants, who are a collected folk ordinarily, were a bit giddy and not quite themselves during this period when the hunter's moon was waxing.

One mid-afternoon shortly after the first snow had cloaked the open hardwood hills, an alert trim bird about the size of a domestic gamecock came marching down a deserted wood road. Strung out behind him were three demure brown hens busy garnering such seeds as their lord overlooked or scattered on the ground.

The male bird was a well known woodland character, the largest cock pheasant known to that region. For seven years he had returned regularly to the wooded river district about the Little Missouri, and settlers thereabout had honored him with a name. Old Ring-neck he was called, and hunters of the region had spent much time plotting his undoing.

Ring-neck was ripe in years for one of his breed, and by that token extraordinary in cunning, for only the astute win to age and leadership in the wild. He wore livery well suited to his kingship. His well molded body was compact, and set off with the pride and pomp of russet gold thinly barred with black. His blue-black neck

With fluffed-out neck feathers
the two circled each other.



was ringed at the base with a circle of pure white, and his tail beautifully barred and speckled.

Old Ring-neck was torn this day between a fierce irritation and an overweening caution. Caution because ever and anon through the cathedral silence of the woods came echoing the sharp slapping reports of hunters' guns; irritation because those guns had thinned out his following to the point of extinction. Time was, and that time but two seasons back, when Ring-neck had led the biggest covey of pheasants in the countryside, his train numbering more than twoscore birds. And now but three hens remained of the old king's adoring train of ladies.

Grim indeed had been the past two seasons for all game birds. Besides the local Nimrods, a flood of hunters from the surrounding cities had infested the river woods each fall.

Abruptly the hushed fall stillness was shattered by a piercing crow. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" rang out a proud challenge through the aisles of the woods.

It came from the direction of the old Dugmore farm, a backwoods cabin and clearing that lay just ahead and which had long been a sanctuary and feeding ground for

by
PAUL
ANNIXTER

ILLUSTRATION BY
CARL L I N K

upon him, raking his body with daggerlike spurs.

With fluffed-out neck feathers the two circled each other, now bowing and bending with beaks at point, now rising from the ground with flapping wings, only to clash in air and drop back, jarred and baffled, to earth.

The harem master, though a gladiator of no mean experience, lacked Ring-neck's agility. More and more often the pheasant found openings for the play of spur and beak. The feathers flew until the rooster was plucked almost bare and staggered about like a bloody effigy. Then Ring-neck saw his chance, sent the rooster sprawling, and drove a

spur through his throat.

Meantime the stodgy hens had scarcely desisted from their feeding. When old Ring-neck, his jeweled eyes gleaming with victory, came strutting toward them, they accepted the champion calmly. He marshaled them toward the clearing's edge where the three hen pheasants waited.

Old Jeff Potter, a backwoods ne'er-do-well who had rented the run-down Dugmore place, had left for town early that morning, else the drama in the chicken yard would never have occurred. When late that afternoon Potter drove his rickety wagon into the clearing, he dropped his rope lines to the ground and stared in amazement at the empty chicken yard and the body of his blooded rooster lying dead in his own blood and scattered feathers. There was not another rooster, Jeff knew, within twenty miles of the place. Yet his woods-trained eye told him the killing had been done by a bird; and all the hens had been spirited away.

"Just like our cussid luck," Jeff railed. "Our rooster killed an' all our hens gone!"

"Where d'you figure they've got to?" queried Mrs. Potter, a meek frail woman with stringy hair and hopeless eyes.

"What in time done the killin's what I want to know!" cried old Jeff. "Reckon it's the work of a bird, but what fer kind of a bird?"

He followed the hen tracks to the edge of the woods, but there he lost them. Suddenly an idea struck him. He slapped his old nag out of the shafts, baited him down for the night, then strode to the cabin and came forth with his shotgun.

"You finish the chores," he said tonelessly to the woman, "an' scatter some feed corn around. Them hens'll be cuttin' fer home, tongue full-trigger, by feedin' time."

Jeff Potter, like all the settlers of the district, knew old Ring-neck, the big pheasant of the river bottoms, and it had suddenly come over him that Ring-neck and none other had driven his hens away. It roused Jeff's ire, and it also piqued his hunter's zeal. Jeff was a hunter

Ring-neck. The crow came again. His wrath rising, the old pheasant strutted forward.

The Dugmore clearing, with its ancient log cabin standing in the center of it, had undergone a great change in the week since Ring-neck had last visited it. Then it had been deserted. Now an empty wagon and an old plow stood beside the well, and a horse stood in the shelter of the shake-built shed. And around the shed a flock of a dozen Wyandottes were picking and scratching in the dust. They were squired by a stocky rooster with a bristling red comb who strutted chestily about the fringes of the group.

Ring-neck had never seen domestic fowl before. However, he advanced into the clearing with a purposeful air. Immediately the rooster saw him and moved forward, his neck feathers ruffled, eyes hard as glass beads. Five feet apart the two halted to take each other's measure. Then, with a flash of wings and drive of spurs, the flock leader swooped at Ring-neck. Stooping and prancing with a show of legwork that was quite beyond the bulkier barnyard fowl, the old pheasant evaded the clash. Before the rooster could recover his stance the wild bird was

born, hunting everything except work. For several seasons he had gunned assiduously for old Ring-neck. In fact, he had gone so far as to lay a standing bet of five dollars—a big sum in the Missouri low country—with one Myron Prindle, another local Nimrod, that he would be the one to bring the old pheasant down.

Until dark Jeff prowled the woods in widening circles about his farm, and ever and anon his doleful poultry call of "Shi-i-ick, shi-ick, shi-i-ick" went echoing through the stillness of the woods. But no hens came to his call, nor could his keen eyes pick up any signs.

At the time, fully two miles away, the hens were picking and scratching along a hardwood ridge, zealously marshaled by their new lord and master. It was a trying task, however, for the old pheasant to keep his new charges together. A flock of his own kind, even a large flock, could be so widely scattered through the thickets that it seemed they were quite lost to one another. Yet all would be guided and bound together by low sounds which were so far below the range of the human ear that a man could not have heard them three feet away.

These barnyard fowl, whose brains and senses were dulled by a life of dependence and overfeeding, did not realize as yet that in the forest their very lives depended upon complete obedience to their leader. But before nightfall hunger had them closely following Ring-neck and the three pheasant hens, imitating their example as they garnered fallen seeds in the thickets.

When night came the old pheasant sought a spruce-fir grove. He and the hen pheasants flew up into the high branches to roost, but the logy hens, with their short wings and unused muscles, merely flapped up into the lowest branches, where they remained, despite the effort of the old pheasant to impart to them a sense of danger.

Long after darkness fell the hens kept up a nervous signaling to one another, stirring noisily on their roosts. Once a big horned owl swooped soundlessly down at them. There was a sound like nuts cracking and two eyes made incandescent by hunger glowed in the blackness. Then the great bird billowed up and away again with the weightless motion of some huge eddying piece of burnt paper, on seeing that these strange alien birds were too bulky to be carried away in his talons.

Two of the hens remained on a branch that was only six feet from the ground. Toward morning a wandering red fox caught the tantalizing scent of chickens and came creeping upwind on dainty soundless pads. He was infamously familiar with barnyard fowl; however, a hen so far removed from a chicken yard smacked of a trap. But at last, after careful maneuvering, he stood directly beneath the sleepers. No slightest scent of man could he detect. He launched upward in a splendid leap; there was an agonizing flapping and cackling from one of the hens, and the killer bore her squawking into the night. From that time on the other hen roosted higher than all her companions.

THE lesson of silence was almost impossible to impress on Ring-neck's new harem. For a time they would imitate the immobility of their leader, then some unexpected thing would occur, and an excited cackle would break from one or other of them, advertising their hiding place.

Once at dusk a skunk had stalked one of the unwary hens in the thickets. He was dragging her away in the grip of his handlike forepaws when the old pheasant swooped in, driving his long spurs into the skunk's striped back and buffeting him with powerful wings. So fierce was the attack that the hen was instantly released and raced cackling after her companions.

Ring-neck vaulted clear just before the skunk could catch him, but not before he was enveloped in a strangling reek of musk discharged from the animal's scent bag. Undaunted, the old pheasant rushed in again and the skunk took himself into the scenery at a gait that was close to rout.

Through many narrow escapes, the hens became more and more imbued with the wild and wary spirit of their leader. Their farmyard torpor left them, and their useless weight began to fall away. Ancient long-buried instincts that dated back to the jungle cocks who were the

progenitors of all domestic fowl, awoke in them, seeming only to have awaited this environment to come forth.

Twice during the first week old Jeff Potter had passed unsuspecting within a stone's throw of where his hens crouched in the thicker, silent and moveless after the manner of Ring-neck himself. Again, on two different occasions, city hunters had stalked the little flock, creeping up with guns at point only to discover a few domestic fowl, strayed, as they thought, from some near-by cabin, scratching in the underbrush. They did not dream, as they turned away cursing, that Ring-neck, the most glorious pheasant cock in the countryside, and three pheasant hens were hidden amid the grass and leaves close by.

As the season drew to a close not a day passed but gunners kept the flock on the dodge. This was a wonderful time for Jeff Potter, who only played at tilling the soil, and who was never fully alive except when following the trap line or hunting trail. It was all too easy for Jeff to maintain that the recovery of his lost hens and the extended search for same was the most important issue of life for the time being. What mattered it that many crying duties around his farmstead went neglected, and that in a short time there would be no money left to pay the rent?

JEFF'S habit of late years was to let summer and fall drift softly by and trust to luck along his trap lines in winter to bring him in the necessary cash.

Gun under arm, he spent most of his days in the woods, ostensibly looking for his lost Wyandottes, and actually gunning an occasional brace of grouse for his table and listening to the little forest voices that talked to him so insistently at this time of year. Numerous times he encountered Myron Prindle, likewise on the prowl, and it was none other than Myron who reported that domestic fowl had been seen straying in the woods.

"So I hear say," said Jeff. He didn't mention the loss of his own hens, but added, while devoting his whole attention to the lighting of his pipe, "I reckon old Ring-neck must o' left the country, Myron. Nobody sighted him for weeks, far's I hear."

Myron eyed him keenly. "Mebbo so," he said. "But ef he ain't, I'm a-goin' to hunt him down ef it takes six months."

Jeff grinned and continued the search for his hens, more convinced than ever that he would find the old pheasant at their head and thus win the coveted five dollars. The fact that in more than three weeks he had found no trace of the flock spoke volumes for Ring-neck's generalship.

By the time the next snow fell the nine remaining hens had become worthy consorts of the old pheasant king. They had become swifter, tougher and more independent each week. Their aborted man-spoiled appetites had become more normal; they slept less and their activity had increased amazingly. They had acquired enough craft to have outwitted most of their wild enemies and survived in the forest alone, had Ring-neck deserted them.

Grouse, partridges, and other pheasants fell continually before hunters and the killers of the woods, but old Ring-neck's hard-won experience kept his little flock intact.

The snow, however, betrayed them through their tracks. On the morning after the storm it was a simple matter for Jeff Potter, ranging the hills above his cabin, to pick up the fresh tracks of his Wyandottes, so different from the tracks of any wild birds. And there, mingled with them, was the verification of his original surmise—the big long-spaced prints of old Ring-neck, with which Jeff had become thoroughly familiarized during four hunting seasons.

Elated over his discovery, Jeff first backtracked the flock. He had it in mind to find out by what means the old pheasant had eluded him so long. He discovered presently the night retreat of the flock—a cleverly chosen spot in the midst of a patch of bramble and berry bushes, surrounded by a veritable espalier of thorns which no four-footed enemy would attempt to penetrate. Doubtless this had been their stronghold for weeks past. Numerous times he had passed close to the spot, unsuspecting.

Jeff's thin face seamed with a grim chuckle. A half-hour later he was creeping cautiously up to a stretch of open hardwood where he knew the flock was feeding. He brought to bear the best of his woodcraft in the stalk, but for all that, old Ring-neck, standing guard a little apart from the flock, was forewarned by minutes of his careful advance. For a space he did not stir, until he had gauged the exact direction of the enemy. Then he sounded a subdued signal and the flock took off from the brow of the hill, the hens flapping low but following the bullet-like flight of their leader.

Jeff Potter, rising from the thicket where he crouched, barely caught a glimpse of them as they dived into the blue gloom of the woods two hundred yards away. Jeff was nettled and amazed. He saw that he had greatly underestimated the old pheasant's craft.

He kept doggedly to the trail of the flock till the short day had waned and the November moon, cold, round, and clean-edged, hung above the sharp pine spires. And he took up the hunt likewise the following day and for a whole week thereafter, with as little result. Each day gave him fresh proof of a thing he would not have believed possible had he heard it related by another man. This was no tracking down of escaped barnyard fowl. It was a hunt for a wild flock of extraordinary intelligence. The craft of the old pheasant had been imparted to his following so that again and again Jeff found the best of his cunning outmatched. His barnyard hens, no longer dull and logy, were covering amazing distances each day, afoot and awing.

Nettled as he was over his failures, his wrath was not untempered with a degree of satisfaction over the game of wits involved, the hunter in him always gaining ascendancy over the irate poultryman. The hunt became fascinating. Then, too, there were other reasons that held him so persistently to the trail. If the news leaked out that Ring-neck had lured Jeff's chickens away and made a mock of him for weeks, he would never be free of the cruel backwoods banter in the near-by town.

THEN other allies began to work in Jeff's favor. Winter closed in all at once, clamping the forest in a grip of iron. Almost every night brought fresh snow. In consequence the feeding became scarcer and scarcer, and four-footed killers of every kind took up the blood trail. Again and again Ring-neck had to change the roosting place of the flock to some more impenetrable vantage.

The fresh snow had likewise given away Ring-neck's presence to Myron Prindle. Almost daily Jeff sighted one or other of the Prindles in the woods. He knew the reason for their zeal. He would have to uncover a luck streak and work fast in the bargain or Myron would be coming round to collect his last five dollars. He began rising earlier and ranging farther each day. As it happened, however, it was not booked for the gun of either Jeff or Myron Prindle to bring old Ring-neck low. Nature held a bigger hand in the game, as Nature generally does.

One afternoon Jeff sat under a dense spruce watching an open slope below him toward which his acute ears had told him Ring-neck was feeding with his train. For once, it appeared, the old woodsman had outmaneuvered the flock. The minutes dragged by while the subdued sounds from the feeding birds drew closer. Then one by one Jeff saw his Wyandottes emerging into the open space below. His eyes narrowed, his cheek pressed slowly but firmly against the gunstock, and he waited. Apparently his chance to bag the prize and end his long hunt had arrived at last.

The thing that then happened burst upon Jeff without warning. Out of the thickets flashed a lithe low body, seemingly a thing without legs or bones, so swift and imperceptible were its movements—a hunting mink that had likewise been stalking the flock. With the eye-deceiving swiftness of a snake it was upon the back of one of the hens. In the midst of the agonizing flapping and flurry in the snow, something else shot into the open and dropped upon the mink with the suddenness and force of a bolt—Ring-neck, braving the most bloodthirsty assassin of the woods in the protection of his flock.

Driving his spurs into the killer's body, he buffeted

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"Other remedies I tested didn't seem to help me at all. Bromo-Seltzer brought relief far faster than anything else I've ever taken."

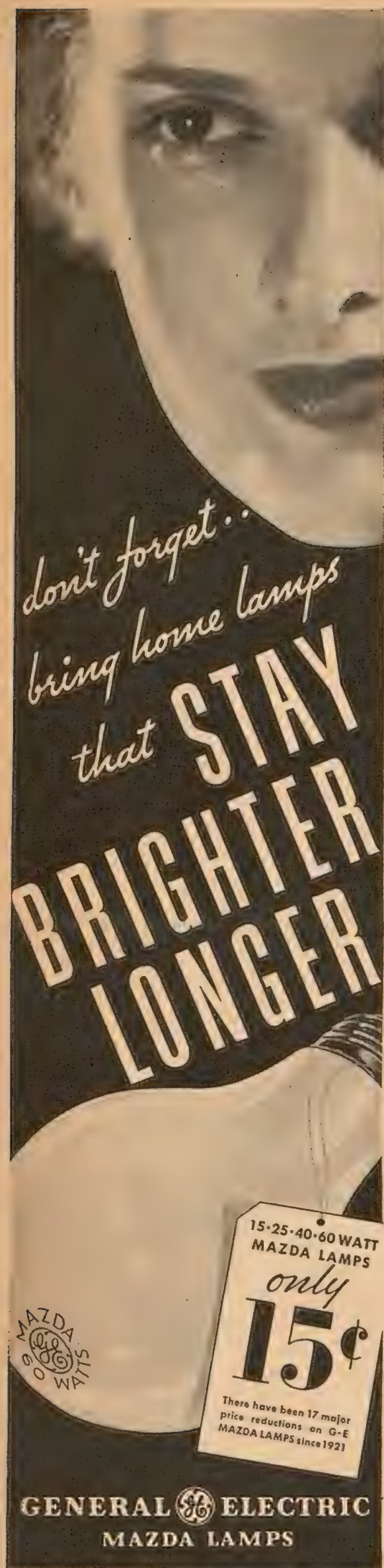
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fiercely with his powerful wings, then leaped clear in time as the big weasel twisted about to do battle. The moment the mink turned back to the wounded hen, Ring-neck was in again, roweling and stabbing with his heavy curved beak.

Jeff Potter crouched moveless, his gun forgotten in his hands, watching that brief whirlwind battle which quickly became a death struggle. Nothing quite parallels the blind courage and ferocity of one of the weasel kind. Once thoroughly aroused, the mink is a chain-lightning fighter, the clamp of whose jaws is just another name for death. Now those jaws, aided by his long supple neck, were lancing up at the pheasant, seeking a fatal throat hold. Again and again Ring-neck met the vicious lunges with smothering stinging blows of his powerful wings. The mink gained a claw hold on the enemy's breast and literally climbed upward toward the pheasant's throat, though each effort was countered by the battering-ram of the big bird's heavy bill.

Blood stained Ring-neck's livery now; snow flew with tufts of fur and feathers. As the stilettolike teeth of the enemy sank within an inch of his throat, the old pheasant instinctively sought to carry the battle into his own element of the air. Flapping heavily, he rose from the ground and skimmed the wooded slope, carrying his lethal freight with him.

Jerked suddenly back to the game in hand, Jeff Potter rose to his knee. The pheasant might fly and volplane half a mile before the duel was settled, and drop in some inaccessible spot. He took quick aim and fired. Ring-neck rocked and wavered in the air. Jeff was up and running downhill as mink and pheasant pitched to the ground.

When he reached the spot, he found Ring-neck hunched beneath a young spruce with one wing shattered. The mink, by a queer quirk of chance, lay dead, two leaden pellets from Jeff's shot having penetrated his head. A few moments the man stood looking down at the prize for which he had stalked so long, his lean dark face aglow with triumph.

QUIETLY he raised his gun to finish the old pheasant off, then he hesitated as another idea came. In him had been a growing curiosity to see the result of Ring-neck's mating with his Wyandottes when egg-laying time came round. He knew the strict laws of the pheasant kind, how they breed but sparingly, keeping their numbers down to approximately one bird per acre even in the most inviting ranges. Would that law hold good under this weird mismating?

Jeff's weapon lowered and a few minutes later he was carrying the big bird home wrapped in his mackinaw. A capture was as good as a kill, he reasoned. Myron Prindle would have to pay.

Next morning, all his hens having been lured home by means of a straggling trail of corn scattered on the

snow, Jeff ambled down to the cabin of Myron Prindle.

"Git out yore wallet, Myron," he said, grinning. "I won the bet. I brung in old Ring-neck last evenin'."

"Brung him in? Whyn't you got him here to show?" demanded Myron with narrowed eyes. His thin hand clutched at his long chin.

"He ain't dead," said Jeff. "Just winged. I got him in one of my hen coops."

"Then you ain't won the five dollars," averred Myron. "Our agreement called for a dead pheasant."

"He ain't dead an' he ain't goin' to be," said Jeff stoutly.

"I'll go along up with you—make sure it's him," said Myron, his eyes grown sharp as gimlets. "I'll pay two dollars and a half—not a cent more."

And with that Jeff had to be content.

MID-MARCH came at last, ending the equinox and old Jeff's trapping. Puckish winds began melting the lingering patches of snow, carrying news from the sky of another Odyssean passage of ducks and geese.

In a corner of Jeff's chicken yard, carefully wired above and on all sides, an old cock pheasant, completely recovered now except for a slight stiffness of one wing, began to chafe restlessly to the call of spring. Each night Ring-neck's three wild wives would come in close to the clearing and signal their lord from the thickets.

With the first warm days the tame hens began to lose all interest in their leader and sought sanctuary in unguessed corners of the hen house. Later the reason became manifest. One by one they emerged from their retreats bringing their sheaves with them—little strings of fluffy speckled chicks. And Jeff Potter, watching closely, got the answers he had waited for. The newly hatched broods showed little difference from those of domestic Wyandottes. In color they were practically the same, but the numbers in each case were smaller, the law of the covey prevailing over the lawlessness of the tame flock.

So engrossed did Jeff become that first day that he didn't notice that he had left the peg out of its staple after feeding old Ring-neck. A cry from Mrs. Potter first apprised him, but Ring-neck had already stalked forth into the open chicken yard. Jeff waved his arms to head him back, but the quick maneuver merely filled the wild bird with alarm. Broad wings, long unused, spread with a flap of churned air, and up over the wire fence sailed the old pheasant, to return no more. His sojourn with tame folk had been good while it lasted, but this was the rousing time of year when cock pheasants won or lost harems in pitched battles in hidden forest glades. Away from the works and chattels of man he sped in a long glad glide and on and on into the heart of the new spring woods.

THE END

WINNERS

in the President's Mystery Story Contest

In the November 16, 1935, issue of Liberty appeared the first installment of a serial story based upon a plot which had been suggested by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the basic idea being: If you had a million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?

Liberty turned the basic idea of the plot over to several writers,

and each carried the story along one installment, the writers being Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine. Liberty at the same time offered \$500, \$250, and five \$100 prizes to such readers as would present the best solution of the problem. The contest closed January 3, 1936, and, after careful deliberation, the judges have made the following awards:

FIRST PRIZE—\$500

LESLIE LONDO,
310 West 80 St., New York, N. Y.



grew up in northern Michigan, worked in lumber camps, saw-mills, and on the railroad. Following attendance at Harvard he tried Wall Street—disastrously; then hoboed his way back home. His luck then changed; he won a short-story contest and returned to New York, where he is now attending Columbia University and writing a novel.

SECOND PRIZE—\$250

VIRGIL J. CLARK,
115 East High St., Liberty, Ind.

FIVE PRIZES—\$100 each

WALTER H. BAILEY, Curtis Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.
HARRY L. JONES, 18 Allen St., Dayton, Ohio.
ALICE M. WILLIS, 1216 Aston St., Chicago, Ill.
LIEUTENANT V. M. KIMM, 37 Bernard Road, Fort Monroe, Va.
PATRICIA WILSON, 225 East Broadway, Glendale, California.

The summary of Mr. Londo's winning solution

ROGER HARRISON BEDFORD, who inherited over five million dollars from his father, feels the urge to start life afresh under a new name where he can be free from the restraints imposed on him by relatives.

Roger tells the family attorney to sell his real estate, worth about a million and a half dollars, bonds which would net over three million, and stocks which would bring around half a million. Roger's bank balance amounts to \$200,000.

He buys some secondhand clothes, rents a room on lower Third Avenue, New York, where he disguises himself as an old man. In this character he rents another room on West Twenty-first Street as "Horace Barton," and under that name opens a trading account with a downtown broker, depositing one thousand dollars in cash. He returns to his East Side room, resumes his own clothes and personality, and goes home and packs a bag and takes a train to Chicago to escape the scene with his relatives which he knows is inevitable when they hear of his action regarding his estate.

In Chicago he removes his glasses, shaves off his mustache, and starts for Escanaba, Michigan. On the train he meets a youth, Fred Connors, an egg buyer from Green Bay. They become friendly and Connors invites Roger, who now calls himself "Jack Hunter," to visit him. Roger promises to do so. Still as "Jack Hunter," Roger stays two days in Escanaba, and then goes to Green Bay to visit Connors, with whom he stays a week, learning how to buy and peddle eggs. He decides to become an egg buyer and returns to New York to carry out his plans for cutting loose from his family.

As "Horace Barton" he resumes his stock-trading operations, opening accounts with two other brokers with cash deposits. Then, under his own personality, he opens an account with the broker handling his family's business, giving a fifty-thousand-dollar check on his own bank. He also opens accounts under his own name with two other brokers, giving twenty-five-thousand-dollar checks as deposits.

As his bonds and real estate are sold he deposits the cash in his checking account, against which he draws when dealing with his own brokers, using only cash in all transactions under the name of "Horace Barton." When any of "Barton's" accounts show a profit of over a hundred thousand dollars, he closes the account, demanding cash, and places the money in his safety-deposit box. Then he opens another account in "Barton's" name with a different broker. When that account shows the desired profit the same procedure is followed. In five weeks the box holds over a million dollars. Roger flies with the money to Chicago, using his own plane.

Resuming the identity of "Jack Hunter," he again visits Connors at Green Bay. Connors helps him buy a secondhand truck and Roger starts off on his first egg-buying trip. Arriving at Escanaba, he sells his load, opens a small savings account at a local bank, and rents a safety-deposit box in

which to secrete his million dollars. He meets the banker's secretary, a pretty girl to whom he is attracted.

Roger returns to New York and, disguising himself as "Barton," closes out three more trading accounts which have reached the hundred-thousand-dollar mark during his absence. He secretes the money in his safety-deposit box. He buys stock in a certain company, and under his own name and also as "Barton" manipulates the market to force the price up. In three weeks the profits in the "Barton" accounts total over a million, and Roger leaves for Escanaba to hide his second million in the safety-deposit box there, resuming his "Jack Hunter" identity. While driving his truck he picks up an ex-convict, Tom Bolton, and Roger takes him into business. They borrow four hundred dollars to buy a team, wagon, and sleigh. Joanne Morell, the girl who attracted Roger on his first visit to the bank, also signs the note.

Roger makes another trip to New York and repeats his stock manipulations and in a few days acquires his third million in cash. This he hides in another safety-deposit box in the bank in Escanaba, borrowing two thousand dollars to expand the business and take in Fred Connors as a partner. He takes Joanne Morell driving, and realizes that he is in love.

He returns to New York to find the market going against him. He has a stormy scene with some of his relatives and determines to wind up his affairs in a hurry. By clever market manipulation under his dual identities he acquires the final two million dollars which make his permanent absence from New York possible. All the "Barton" accounts are closed. The "Barton" room on the West Side is given up and all "Barton's" clothes are destroyed. He then flies to Chicago with the two million.

In Escanaba he rents two more safety-deposit boxes for the two million dollars, and after a day or two with Joanne and Tom returns to New York to stage the final disappearance of Roger Harrison Bedford. He writes to a cousin, telling him that while he is worth ten millions on paper he is really a pauper and that he is going to fly his plane out over the Atlantic until the gas gives out.

He gasses his plane at the flying field and flies straight out to sea. Some distance out he climbs over the clouds and flies north to a group of uninhabited islands off the Maine coast. He bales out, allowing his plane to crash into the ocean. He swims to the mainland and travels by devious routes to Chicago. He resumes the identity of "Jack Hunter" and reads the story of Roger Harrison Bedford's suicide in the paper. As Roger looks at the five-year-old photograph of himself in the paper he looks in the mirror, and realizes that he has changed physically as well as mentally—that the bespectacled, stoop-shouldered Roger Harrison Bedford is gone forever, and that a new man—erect, vigorous, bright-eyed "Jack Hunter"—has been born.

A Heaven-Sent Storm, a Feast with the Zakka Khel, and a Sinister Discovery—A Vivid Chronicle of the Hunted Men's Militia in India

by

CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AN airplane appeared over the devastated village where Digger and his platoon and Barney Binns were beset by the Mad Fakir's bloodthirsty horde. It dropped bombs, blowing open the gates of their stone fort. At nightfall they sallied forth to break through or die, and in a desperate fight against hopeless odds, Digger was knocked out. Coming to, next day, he found himself a prisoner on a stretcher. His captors made for the village where he had been tortured on an anthill. By Lenhai's own order, they dragged him to the very cell from which he had then escaped—and in the cell, awaiting him, was Binns. The salvation of the two was a visit from Mahrila, dressed in flying kit. It had been she who had done the bombing! Digger seized and throttled her and donned the kit himself; then, impersonating her, he led Binns from the cell and across a courtyard into another building. What followed was a wild night of hide-and-seek, with the stakes life and death. In the end the two threw off their pursuers and took refuge on the roof of an apparently deserted resthouse. There was no getting over the village wall, which swarmed with patrols. They must lie close where they were through the coming day.

But toward dawn, peeping over the parapet, they beheld the women of a harem on a roof near by. They decided to move on at once; to be caught in these circumstances would mean a most hideous fate. Making their way down through the resthouse, they saw light under a room door, and a loud hoarse laugh rang out inside. It was the laughter of Lenhai.

PART FIVE—THE KHAN'S DANCING GIRLS

WE waited in the gloom of that passage for a timeless period. It began to get on my nerves. The voices in the room did not cease. Again that laughter. Then the laughter of a woman, one of those delightful caroling laughs that trill their way up and down the scale of joy. And of course I could not think of any one but Mahrila! Which, as I told myself, was damned absurd. Brainstorm. We must move or I'd go crackers.

We traversed that corridor by creaking inches, paused when we reached the door under which the light showed. Binns chanced an eye at the keyhole. He would. He started back suddenly, pointing and gesticulating rather wildly. I looked—and was so startled that I fell back on my heels with a bump loud enough to be heard not only in that room but all over the house!



Thereafter a breakneck rush down the remainder of the corridor, a wild leap at the shutter, a scramble over the courtyard wall, and a swift padding of the dusty highway. At first we were pursued by Lenhai's raucous shouting, but we soon left it behind. We guessed he had put the incident down to an attempt at burglary and left it at that.

We had reached a melon patch and were sunk in exhaustion. Not another inch could we run.

"Didn't you know I had a weak heart?" grunted Binns. "Of all the dumb clucks! What did ya want to topple over like that for?"

"It was the shock at seeing that—that family gathering. Sorry, Binns!"

Family gathering was correct. It was Lenhai's laugh we had heard. That sweet feminine caroling was Mahrila's! There was some one else in the room. Nabi! Nabi, the handsome nine-year-old boy who was to be

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

The girls led us
through passages
until we came to
a first real jolt:

of hours or so the dawn would be up. Meanwhile the air grew more and more sultry. It hung about one as if weighted, still, absolutely calm—the sort of deadly stillness that precedes a storm. We just did not know what to do next. There was no fire left in our heels. Suddenly the lowering sky went black. The air about us stirred strangely. There came a great flash, the rumble of distant thunder. We stared in apprehension at the sky. The air whistled around us. Beyond the melon patch the date palms shook and rustled complainingly. The first blast of the tropical storm burst simultaneously with a loud crack of thunder. Rain drove down in great sheets. In sixty seconds we were drenched to the skin. But we could not move, could not see, could not find a way to shelter in that blinding onslaught. For long minutes it beat upon the cracked earth with unabated fury.

A few moments before we had lain in thick dust. Now we were plastered over with slimy brown mud. We crouched there with arched backs as if taking a beating. There was nothing to do but endure.

Lightning seared the sky, illuminating every ditch and crevice where we lay. It was terrible in its intensity—but magnificent. The wind raced. Thunder cracked like a barrage of field guns.

The rarest of storms in this Free Land of the Hills—and it had to catch us mooning away precious time in a melon field!

Moslem emperor! It was a most astonishing picture we had peeked at. The man and the woman were reclining on a pile of rugs in that room and between them, with his head in Mahrila's lap, was the little fellow Nabi! As nice a domestic hearth as one could wish to come upon.

"Yeah. It was a shock at that. Say! Mummy and Pop keep the boy up late, huh?"

"It certainly looked that way to me! Mummy and Pop!"

"Well, I guess we've got something important to report—if ever we get out of this cross-eyed burg alive!"

We sat for a while munching melon. Our problem was further than ever from any sort of solution. In a couple



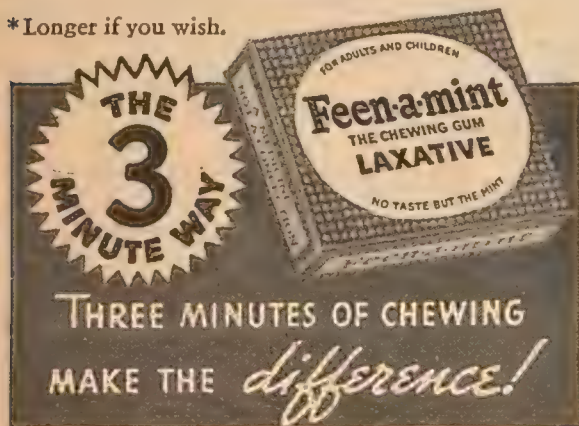


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WORM CAPSULES

Intermittently I caught the voice of my companion. He was crouching low, bawling in my ear. When the wind and rain slackened just enough to let us get to our feet, they would afford us a real chance. Nobody on earth could watch a wall in such a storm. The patrols would be as helpless as we were. They could see nothing, hear nothing.

We clutched at each other, staggered crazily to our feet, floundered drunkenly across the rivulets and ditches of the melon field. Somewhere there was a wall! We knew we were on the outer fringe of the huddle of dwellings. The fruit gardens told us that much. Perhaps, if we could only keep on, that wall would loom up.

After eternities, it did, through the driving sheets of rain! An extended line of hundreds of bearded Hillmen lay crouched beneath it. We reeled toward them. They did not even look up. We stumbled along under the lee of the wall, jostling these guards who were out for our blood; but if they noticed us at all, they saw only two mud-covered brother tribesmen groping wretchedly for shelter.

We came at last to the steps, crawled to the top, and fought our way across against the full force of the wind. Still hanging on to each other, we jumped, to land headlong in the muck and slime outside the village wall. Free! Free to continue our drunken dance through that terrific wind and rain!

Blind, dazed, we struck out like swimmers. Once we were blown against a jagged ledge of rock and the rain was hurled over us in waves. We clung to each other with every ounce of strength, then pressed on, sobbing for breath. The elements were fighting us, determined, as it seemed, to keep us pressed back upon that village so that we might be recaptured.

In the long run the elements won. I stubbed on a rock and pitched headlong, dragging Binns with me. The impact knocked me senseless.

WHEN I came to, the sun was up. We were in a cleft of rock which was warm and dry. Binns was lying alongside. When I attempted to rise he pressed me down again with a firm hand. We had left the village but we were still in sight of it. We could not get up and walk away without being seen by those watchers on the walls.

We essayed a crab crawl from rock to rock, stopping occasionally to look back. It was a heartbreaking progress. We were too spent to crawl far. But they did not come out to seek us. They knew, or thought they knew, that no man could have crossed the walls during that raging storm. Therefore the Feringi were still somewhere in the village.

We rested, sleeping by turns, waiting for the day to pass. Soon the heat was beating down upon us and the clothes that had been sodden

through and through became dry and stiff with hardened clay. It was maddening—that unceasing heave and fall of the heat waves. The lances of the sun broke and drove in under closed eyelids, an angry sun that sent us crawling on for shade, and we cursed feebly because it hung throughout that livelong day like a great ball of fire in the brassy dome of heaven.

There was no movement between us and the village. No one had entered it. No one had left. One wondered whether the order had gone forth that no man might pass the gates until the Feringi had been found. At last the night closed over us suddenly. We sluiced off the clay at a pool and then started once more.

OUR sole object was to find a caravan road that would lead us to the Pass. All we knew of our whereabouts was that we had emerged from a gully and were hoofing over stony plains. With the first sign of dawn we sank down in the shelter of a bunch of rocks. A couple of hours' sleep, copious drafts of water for breakfast, and we were on our way again.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"Thinking about what I'd eat, and drink, and cuddle," said Binns, "next time I got back to civilization."

"Optimistic, by God!"

We trudged on in silence. The lumpy ground was hard going, but we'd been in worse places.

"Oh, migosh! Look! Ain't that a caravan track?"

We ran, kicking up the loose flints, like a couple of schoolboys just free from lessons. We followed that scratch across the plains for miles in a southerly direction. We decided to keep going until night descended. Hunger was beginning to gnaw, and water is a poor substitute—though neither of us mentioned the fact.

Then it was that we overtook the camel caravan. There seemed to be a string of about twenty or thirty camels, all laden with merchandise. There would probably be as many *provindahs* armed to the teeth and the toughest travelers the world over. That *cafila* would be Peshawar-bound. Where else could it be going?

"Listen, Digger. We've gotta line up with these birds. I guess we look dirty enough. We're good Moslems from Bagdad—Bagdadis for short—working our way round the world and helping to spread the good work. All we have is a rifle, a knife, and some cartridges. We lost everything else during that storm. Now we're making for Peshawar, where we have friends who can help us—*mallum*?"

"Heavens! That's the longest speech you've made today! Sounds crazy to me. But go ahead. You can always talk to 'em about Mecca!"

"Darn sure I can! But don't get sore, buddy. I'm going to make longer speeches from now on!"

And it was so. We caught up with the caravan. That bunch of *provin-*

dahs did not exactly welcome us. Binns explained our sad plight at length. It was clear, however, that we were not drawing any sympathy. These camel wallahs of High Asia are not only the toughest of men but also about the meanest.

It was not that they were suspicious of us. We were just a couple of troublesome beggars, brother Moslems who must be taken along and fed from a scanty store of rations. They gave us dates, raisins, and pieces of flat dried bread. We made much noise in the relishing of these

great stretches of scrub and camel's-thorn. The camels were *naaked* in a wide circle while we prayed and took our meals. Five times during that day we prayed, but we fed only twice.

Another restless night and on again. The valley opened out wider and wider. We passed through country dotted with fortified villages, and presently we saw the high watch-towers of the Zakka Khel—a particularly ferocious branch of the Afridi tribe.

The khan of the village came out to greet us, accompanied by his elders and councilors. We were led into his house and a great feast was prepared. In one large vaulted room, rugs had been laid on the floor and we sat down in a circle. The khan sat on a mound of cushions at the head of the room.

A line of Indian girls, unveiled and decidedly attractive in their bright silken saris and flashing ornaments, filed in, each carrying a huge silver dish of food. It was the first decent meal we had had for days and we certainly did justice to it. Fruit and coffee followed. Then the room was cleared. Men came in with weird stringed instruments and reed flutes. They began to play a slow haunting melody. Immediately the girls rushed in, took the center of the floor, and began to dance.

IT was a truly Oriental performance, all symbolism and sensuality. As the girls swayed and pirouetted the music quickened. Soon each of them was a white flame, a mad whirl of rustling draperies, a flashing figure too swift for the eye to follow. And then, with a crash of strings, it came to an abrupt end. The men sat back again and roared their applause.

Presently Binns and I were shown to a small room which we might occupy for the night. It was significant that we should be separated from the *provindahs*. We were, we realized, under their suspicion. This had apparently been conveyed to our host. As soon as we were alone my companion suggested a reason.

"I doubt very much if this caravan is going to Peshawar, Digger. I bet it stays right here—in the heart of the Zakka Khel country. Tomorrow we'll be handed some line of bunk, and politely but firmly requested to scram."

"Meantime we have the whole night in which to scout around—investigate."

"You bet. We're going to take a look-see into those camel packs. Those beasts were heavily loaded. They weren't carrying silk or fruit. That's why they crawled so. They've been crawling for weeks—all the way from Tashkend with brand-new rifles and thousands of rounds of ammunition, maybe!"

Two of the Indian damsels appeared at the door of our bedchamber. They had been sent to us as guests of the khan. Our impression was that they were there to keep us busy, to keep us occupied, lest we take it into our



One watchtower of an Afridi khan's village like that of the Zakka Khel.

delicacies, as is the custom; brought down the blessings of Allah upon the brethren, and exchanged many salaams. So far, so good.

At sunset we had to get down on our knees and throw up our hands in supplication to Allah. At night we sat round the campfire of camel dung and listened to Brother Binns telling of his pilgrimage to Mecca. I trembled lest he make some fatal slip. We were at the mercy of three wallahs, every one of whom was a regular nasty-looking piece of work.

That night I slept with an eye half-open and my hand on the knife hilt. Binns slept like a log. Once, in the small hours, I opened my eyes to find a dirty bearded face close to mine. My startled exclamation roused Binns to grab his rifle. The *provindah* grunted, explained he was keeping guard, and passed on. I didn't like the incident and said as much. It was impossible to tell by these bearded poker faces whether they had guessed that we were impostors.

We were on our way at dawn, and left the waste of flat rock for a wide valley. There were rolling foothills all around us, little green gullies,



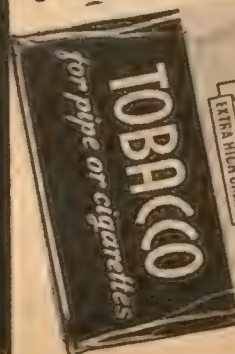
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heads to wander around this mysterious abode.

They were most attractive girls, these Hindu belles. They smiled shyly yet with utter friendliness, as who should say: "We are here to administer to your pleasures. Do with us what you will."

We soon disillusioned them. They were Hindus, and as such were as far beneath the Afridi Moslems of this household as we Christian infidels. Their status was more or less that of slaves. They had probably been kidnapped when they were children.

Knowing they could have no genuine feeling for their Moslem masters, we revealed who and what we were. Their attitude changed immediately. They begged us to take them back across the border. We promised—providing they would help us. Our cards were on the table. We told them we had more than a suspicion that this house was the center of considerable gunrunning.

There was something pathetic in the way those two girls trusted us, clung to us. They passionately desired to return to their own people.

We waited until about two in the morning, when the place was deathly silent. I doubt if Binns and I could have found our way to the armory without being discovered, but for the help of the girls. They led us through intricate labyrinthine passages, down stone steps, through cavernous tunnels—until we came to a first real jolt. We crouched at the mouth of a dim corridor of stone, at the other end of which two heavily armed guards lounged against an iron-studded door. How the devil were we to get inside that door without arousing any one's suspicions?

The girls understood. They played their part. Presently the amorous guards laid aside their rifles and equipment and keys and repaired to one of the rooms off the corridor. We leaped down the passage, scarcely making a sound in our native sandals. It was the work of a moment to grab the great cumbersome ring of ancient keys, unlock the door, and slip into the armory.

AN armory indeed! Pistols, rifles, automatics, revolvers, weapons of every conceivable sort were stacked about that musty-smelling vault lit by naphtha torches. Some of the pieces were valuable chiefly as antiques; but there were Enfields, Springfields, and Russian types by the ton, as well as hundreds of German Mausers of the brand-new nickel-steel type, and piles of the familiar oblong cases of ammunition—enough powder and shot here to set the whole border aflame. This was no ordinary storing of contraband arms. Clearly there were great preparations for a gigantic upheaval, a bloody revolution that might well cost thousands of lives!

"Look!" I whispered. "Isn't that a French automatic?"

"I'll say it is. As up-to-date as they come. Well, Digger, I guess that's all we wanted to know!"

We went, sneaking along the passages until we reached a prearranged hide-out. There we waited for the return of our accomplices.

Our trust in them had not been misplaced. They came, and they conducted us out of the building and across to the courtyard where the camels rested. The packs, containing more guns and ammunition, were stacked temporarily under the walls near by. No wonder the caravan had come by such devious ways to this area of the Pass!

As members of the British forces of law and order, we were in possession of sufficient knowledge to get us hanged, drawn, and quartered by these wild Afridis of the Zakka Khel.

WE repaired to our chamber. The girls were instructed to occupy one of the couches and to get as much sleep as possible. They obeyed, curling up together. We stared at them, then at each other.

"Well? What in hell are we going to do with 'em?"

That query had occurred to me. Obviously they could not leave this abode in our company. That would be too much even for our generous host. They must leave ahead of us—make their own getaway just before dawn and go south to Ali Masjid Gorge, where we could pick them up and convey them down the Pass to Peshawar.

We woke them before dawn and explained the situation to them. They fell in with our plan at once. We watched them go and hoped to heaven they would not be caught before they cleared the walls.

Our own getaway was simple enough. After prayers and breakfast with the khan and his brethren, he intimated that he would be pleased to permit us to depart. By noon we were in sight of Ali Masjid Gorge, and an hour later two girlish figures came running down the hillside.

"Gosh!" grinned my companion. "Like meeting a couple of janes on Forty-second Street!"

They fell in behind us. We kept up a brisk pace until late afternoon, when we ran into a military post. The Tommy sentry must have had the shock of his life when I spoke to him in English. His eyes opened wide and he uttered one word—"Blimey!" Then he swung round and yelled for the sergeant of the guard.

Presently the N.C.O. came forth. I explained to him who we were and asked to see the officer in charge of the post. He conducted us to a bungalow. The girls were left on the veranda while we went inside. The officer was a youngster in his early twenties. He sat up with a jerk when I said we were details of the Kurram Militia and had been out on a job.

"Sit down, you fellows. Smoke? Have a *chotah* peg? I say! Your mob has been in a pretty rough spot, what?"

"We've been out of touch for about ten days," I answered, sipping joyously at the peg of whisky. "What's happened?"

"They seem to have made contact with this blighter Lenhai somewhere in the Mohmand. The old swine got away, and the Militia seems to have lost a whole platoon. Anyway, they drove him back where he belongs. Don't know what we should do round here if it were not for your levies. Your O.C., Strong, is a regular war horse. Came down the Pass with your mob, or what was left of it, a couple of days ago. I say! You should have seen him sitting that pony of his! He might have been on parade for the Viceroy with a company of spit-and-polish Bengal Lancers—instead of a straggling bunch of—"

"Disreputable scalawags?" I suggested.

The young officer grinned. "A tough crowd, I gather!"

We spent the night at that post and early next morning went on down to Peshawar on a ration wagon, accompanied by the girls. Just what Colonel Strong thought of our losing the platoon he had left in our care never transpired. He was suddenly too interested in the story about the Zakka Khel and their gunrunning.

Only one of the two sepoys whom we had sent off from the village of the dead had escaped to reach the column. It had taken him four days. Colonel Strong had promptly turned the company about and made all haste back to the village. They had found it utterly deserted—except for the vultures. Even then they had recognized some of the dead.

"The company has been reorganized and reinforced. We were about to start in search of you two beggars when your message came through from the Ali Masjid post."

"But didn't you think we'd gone the way of the rest of the platoon?"

"Not a chance, Mr. Binns. We found Mr. Craven's orderly and four more of the rascals, trying to link up with us—and a pretty sight they were. They told us how you were carried off by Lenhai's men. Now, then, about this Zakka Khel khan—"

ALL in the day's work! Strong was laying plans for a raid on the armory. There was no time to lose. Binns and I had less than twenty-four hours in Peshawar to get ourselves cleaned up and fitted out. Binns elected to remain a Pathan, even though Lenhai and his henchmen now knew all about the disguise, and it might well make him a marked man.

We passed beyond the Ali Masjid Gorge once more, with the column in full marching order, and came to the area where the Pass opens into a great expanse of valley, a vast territory speckled with fortified villages of stone above which rose the watch-towers of the Zakka Khel. As we marched in column of route toward the village gates, we saw an extended line of some eighty stalwart bearded Afridis coming toward us. In the center was the khan himself, a giant towering above giants. They advanced slowly, impressively, a mur-

muring chant of welcome rising and falling in time with their steps.

Binns and I rode at the head of the column on each side of Colonel Strong. His face was impassive, cold, unmoved. He was too old in the ways of the East to be taken in by any elaborate display of welcome.

"All of 'em in their Sunday-best pants and such!" as our American correspondent remarked. Could they have had time to rid themselves of that vast store of arms and ammunition?

At twenty yards from the Afridi elders a halt was called. We dismounted and approached them on foot.

"Since you insist on wearing that pantomimic getup, Mr. Binns," the colonel whispered, "it shall be your job to sneak down into that cellar to see if the armory is still intact. We'll search the village for some Afridi who has committed an atrocious murder down the Pass—or something to that effect."

"I get you, chief."

"In that guise you would get about more easily than any of us. We shall, of course, cover you."

THE colonel stepped forward and was received by the salaaming khan, who was solicitous for our welfare. He offered us the peace of Allah and the blessings of the Prophet to all who so faithfully served the British Raj, and so on and so forth. Just the same, he was more than curious as to the reason for this unexpected visit. He showed no recognition of Binns and myself, since we had cleaned up and removed our scrubby beards; but he looked inquiringly at the American's pantaloons and long loose jacket, and it was necessary to explain to him that this member of our company was a traveler rather than a soldier, and had recently paid a friendly visit to the Amir of Afghanistan.

This seemed to please the khan mightily. He was convinced, however, that we should find no murderer within his village. The Zakka Khel, whatever their history might have been, now desired only to remain in amity with the illustrious British governors on the border.

The colonel just as adroitly turned the meaning of these soft words into a willingness to have us make a friendly visit. The column was marched through the gates, and as soon as we were inside, the platoons separated and took up positions at the north and south gates, in the corn mart, and in front of the fort.

Altogether a delicate situation. Strong, accompanied by Binns and two platoon officers, followed the khan inside the fort. It was my job to wander about the village and keep an eye on the platoons. At a warning blast of the whistle we were to make for the fort with all possible speed.

This particular village was more pleasing than most. There was a great square surrounded by the stalls

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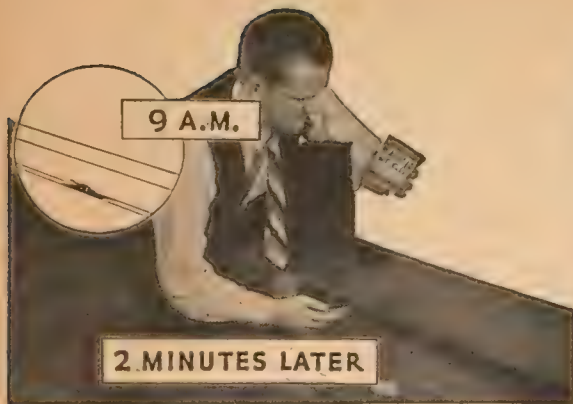
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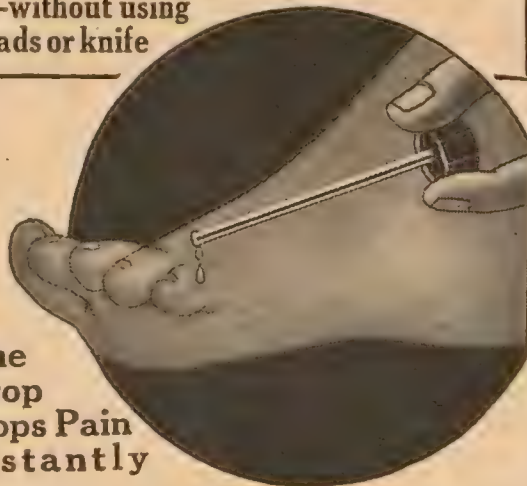
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of the local tradesmen, where the people foregathered in the cool shade of palm trees and sycamores. At one's feet squatted the cobbler, the metalworker, silk spinner, wood turner, and scores of other craftsmen, all busy plying their trades.

I was attracted by the tap-tap-tap of a metalworker, and paused. He glanced up sharply, saw the hated khaki, the topee, and the other insignia of the British Raj. He positively snarled as he pointed with bony finger at my shadow fallen obliquely across his wares. The infidel's shadow even was not to be tolerated. Perhaps it was to him an ill omen. I passed on. A plump little thing in sky-blue *burka* and the ubiquitous scarlet breeches gave me the full measure of her smiling eyes. She seemed to be tickled to death by the incident!

But I was never so foolish as to turn round. I wanted to keep my skin whole a little while longer. Besides, there would be trouble enough soon. It was approaching the noon hour and there had been no signal yet. What had happened to Binns? A hoarse voice suddenly rose in eerie chant above the soft murmur of the mart. It was the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer.

THE place became silent. I had the good sense to drop down into the shadow of a wall and wait for the ceremony to end. From my hiding place I could just glimpse the rearing watchtowers of the fort. There, too, men were at prayer. This, then, would be the opportunity for Binns to get busy. As soon as this was over I must get back to my platoon. Anything might happen now.

In a few moments the people were upon their feet again, and the streets were abustle as before. I strolled toward the open gates of the fort, where my platoon waited, seeing to it that the gates remained wide open.

The air was suddenly rent by the piercing blast of a whistle. The platoon automatically sprang to attention. I ran forward, gave the order to march, and led them into the sacred precincts of the fort itself. We marched straight into the *mihman-khana*, or chieftain's reception room, and there was Strong, accompanied by four havildars, calmly informing the khan that he was under arrest! The elders and the fort guards stood about, not knowing quite what to do.

"Mr. Craven!"

"Sir!"

"You will take half the platoon and search this building from top to bottom. Mr. Binns has mysteriously disappeared. All right! Go ahead!"

Binns missing—and Digger to the rescue! They escaped, only to get in the worst jam of their lives among Peshawar's hashish dens and in a lair of Lenhai's creatures. Meanwhile, what a battle was fought by starlight after Colonel Strong seized the contents of that arsenal! Full details about both battle and jam next week.

Effervescent, Exuberant, Exciting

The Misses Temple and Withers, and a Tense Skyway Adventure,
Variously Contribute Some Lively Moments to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ CAPTAIN JANUARY

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville, Buddy Ebsen, Sara Haden, Jane Darwell, June Lang, Jerry Tucker, Nella Walker. Directed by David Butler. Story by Laura E. Richards.

THE most consistently effective team in Hollywood—Director David Butler and his tiny star Shirley Temple—score another hit in their latest enterprise. The new offering—and it's much too easygoing to be called an effort—is based somewhat casually on Laura E. Richards's salty sketch of life on the rock-ribbed New England coast. The story is not important, but it does give the Temple infant a fresh and colorful background.

In Captain January the screen's No. 1 star is seen as a rhythmic little waif who spends her time dodging the local truant officer, dancing with loose-limbed Buddy Ebsen, and singing and playing with Guy Kibbee and Slim Summerville. The bubbling spontaneity with which she does it all will surely delight her many fans. But more than that, Shirley's infectious good humor should break down even those sourpusses, like ourself, who stand firm against childish antics on the screen.

Pleasant entertainment throughout, Captain January hits three or four completely captivating heights. The best of these is when Kibbee, Summerville, and Shirley la-di-da a scene from the opera Rigoletto. It will, as the boys say, kill you. Another grand bit—and it's too bad that it's so brief—comes when the awkwardly skillful Mr. Ebsen and Shirley dance and sing a number called At the Codfish Ball.

Though the picture belongs completely to Shirley, the entire cast plays with a relaxed and winning ease that comes from knowing they had a hit and that there was no need in straining for effects. As the lighthouse keeper who befriends the little girl, Guy Kibbee is at his gruff best. Not far behind him are Slim Summerville, and Buddy Ebsen and the good-looking June Lang, who supply the romantic element. As the menace, truant officer Sara Haden is, of course, her usual quietly competent self.

No matter how the praise is passed around, however, Captain January is guided by Captain Temple alone.

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	



Shirley Temple and Guy Kibbee
in a scene from Captain January

And she skips it with the same bouncing slyness that has made her the most popular actress in America today.

VITAL STATISTICS: Shirley (Butch) Temple was exactly seven on April 23. Cap Firstmonth is her eighth big film. In her short career she's learned to read, write, speak French, attaining Grade 3A; earned herself a mere \$250,000 or thereabouts. She's still unspoiled, but works faster, having become that much more skilled. Finished this nine days under the original thirty-two-day sched. Her rhythm sense has developed amazingly; she remembers like a bookkeeping file; makes her song recordings without a blunder. Recorded that Sextet from Lucia in Cap Jan four times in a faultless row, thus causing rotund Director David Butler to burst into appreciative tears. He'd never seen such a perfect "take," so completely in "sink." She now gets 7,000 letters a week, mostly requests for her picture and autograph, but there are the usual requests for a small touch. She works three and a half hours a day; has gained four pounds in last year; doesn't stalk à la child around stage; likes to rib colleagues on set. She's taken to alcohol rubs recently, and on viewing rushes of a particularly lively dance routine which she'd made just after a rub remarked kute-kiddishly: "That's the alcohol coming out in me!" She's got to sign her insurance papers now; is insured for over a million; some say she is asked to sign for the autograph in it. Her money goes into a trust fund, the Cal. State Legislature wishing to protect children from the fate of former child stars like M. M. Minter. She learned those words for Codfish Ball in five languages, but doesn't know meaning of the words, except French. Shirley got seasick in the storm scene. You could make a fortune following Shirley around, reporting her Kute Kiddieisms. Dubbed spiral-staircase dance with Guy Kibbee the multiplication dance; calls green-apple pie "stomach-ache pie," explaining it's in "a deep dish sunk in sauce"; divined Director Butler's morning temper by observing, "If he has a cigarette stuck behind his ear, he'll sing all day for me." Heard that January parrot gurgling seafaring phrases (it was guaranteed not to swear), walked to its cage, bent over and said: "Oh, do you speak French? I'm studying it too!" Yes, her mother spanks her—but only when she needs it; which isn't often, I'm very glad to tell you, children. . . . Buddy Ebsen's borrowed from M-G-M; is now separated (it's a shame) from his sister; has been forbidden to have his hair cut, under penalty of having his pay dittoed. He's of Orlando, Florida; married to Ruth Cambridge, Winchell's Girl Friday, Saturday, and the rest of the working week; got picked for his dead pan by Flo Ziegfeld wandering through Grand Central where Buddy was soda-jerking. . . . That dancing crane's genuine. Learned to lift leg to avoid tap of trainer's wand. . . . Slim Summerville had to use dog soap on that itchy beard after a day's work. His cocker spaniel smelled it, crawled into tub with him. . . . Guy Kibbee reduces double chins by blowing feathers about his head, that member being flung far back. His dundrearies're the McCoy.

★ ★ ★ ½ LITTLE MISS NOBODY

THE PLAYERS: Jane Withers, Jane Darwell, Ralph Morgan, Sara Haden, Harry Carey, Betty Jean Hainey, Thomas Jackson, Jackie Morrow, Jed Prouty, Claudia Coleman. Directed by John Blystone. Story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

THE exuberant Jane Withers, who is exuberant all over the place in Little Miss Nobody, is probably Shirley Temple's closest rival. Unlike Shirley, though, Jane is brattish instead of sweet, and her appeal comes from an



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almost comic homeliness rather than from dimples and curls.

A bad girl with good intentions, Jane is her typical tomboyish self in *Little Miss Nobody*. Taken from Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story, *The Matron's Report*, this active little opus has her as the head cutup of an orphan asylum whose special talent is for getting in trouble. Sprightly with incident and nicely directed by John Blystone, the film starts right off with a battle when Jane gets into a feud with a groceryman. Destined for reform school, she is befriended by the owner of a pet shop, becomes involved with a gang of criminals, emerges a heroine, and finds her long-lost father.

Aiming at rough-and-tumble laughter more than heartthrobs, *Little Miss Nobody* sprints along at a pace to please the children for whom it is designed. Jackie Morrow, Ralph Morgan, Sara Haden, and the old cowboy star Harry Carey head the supporting cast, and they all perform so agreeably that this unpretentious item easily becomes satisfactory film fare. It's a safe show for little Junior, and you may be surprised at the many good moments in it for yourself.

VITAL STATISTICS: You'd never think anybody could make money out of doing things that bring frowns ordinarily, but that's just how Jane (Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop) Withers makes a living. After eighteen months of meanie-al labor at from \$250 to \$1,000 a week, by a new contract, Jane made a personal-appearance junket to Chi week after finishing this. Jane, taking L. M. N. a little seriously, zigged when she should have zagged, got tangled with Harry Jackson's fist in the fight sequence late in film, was rewarded with a liniment-soaked bandage on her nose a couple of days. Her body's a storehouse of ache memories, one for each picture. She took over directing of ex-bungalow-court neighbor, little ten-year Jackie Morrow, playing snooty rich boy, and did very well indeed at it. . . . Ten-year-old Betty Jean Hainey is blonde, blue-eyed, has a parallel career to Jane Withers—dancing and singing from three on. . . . For old-timers there's Harry Carey, old-time silent horseman and six-shootin' star. Harry's not done much since *Trader Horn* except study up on the Southwest Indians, operate a huge ranch, circus a bit. . . . Ralph Morgan can practice law in New York, peddle bitters, play pious roles, add dignity to brother Frank—all equally well. . . . Sara Haden used to be told by her mother, famous Charlotte Walker, actress, that her naughty deeds reflected on mother, not on little Sara. So Sara's grown up to prim roles correcting others. Sara hates autos; would rather walk than ride; has never made a cent in her desert-gold investments. . . . Jane Darwell's not a maw herself; has three nieces living with her; takes care of any stray dog she stumbles on; is no gentler than Sara Haden offscreen but plays gentler parts. . . . Director Blystone's Fox veteran, joining Fox in 1919. He's done sixty-seven pictures. Understands kids; shot script in sequence to give children better visualization of story progress. Learned first names of twenty-five orphanage kids, talked them into calling him Uncle Jack. Got their All from them. Only missed out in Thanksgiving Day scene, when they devoured entire meal in one take, their appetites getting better of their respectful adoration.

★ ★ ½ 13 HOURS BY AIR

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, ZaSu Pitts, Alan Baxter, Fred Keating, Brian Donlevy, John Howard, Adrienne Marden, Ruth Donnelly, Bennie Bartlett, Grace Bradley, Dean Jagger, Jack Mulhall, Granville Bates. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Story by Bogart Rogers and Frank M. Dazey.

13 HOURS BY AIR has two definite weaknesses. Otherwise it's a somewhat exciting adventure piece. First flaw in the film is its lack of movement. Even though the picture jumps from New York to San Francisco—being the story of a cross-country aviation hop—the action is confined almost entirely to the interior of the ship's cabin, which tends

to give a static feeling to the action. The second and more damaging drawback is that while the passenger list includes more interesting characters than anything since *Grand Hotel*, the audience doesn't learn enough about them until the picture is almost over.

Just as few movie dams can stand up for seven reels, few movie planes can make an uneventful flight. When pilot Fred MacMurray brings his plane down to a forced landing in the snow-swept mountains of Wyoming, things begin popping. First, public enemy Alan Baxter ruins the ship's radio, then terrorizes the isolated passengers by shooting G-man Brian Donlevy and co-pilot John Howard. All this delay is highly pleasing to a philandering nobleman (Fred Keating) who hopes this plane will be late to San Francisco so that a crooked marriage can go through before another passenger, Joan Bennett, can prevent it.

While the frenzied passengers squirm and fuss, the dauntless MacMurray and an obstreperous little boy, Bennie Bartlett, fight it out with the armed killer. It is in these late scenes that *13 Hours by Air* gathers some tingling excitement. The picture will set commercial aviation companies fuming; but you should like dithery ZaSu Pitts, who hands out many laughs, and affable Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett, who take care of the robust romance.

VITAL STATISTICS: A year ago this started out to be *20 Hours by Air*. Studio vicissitudes caused postponements which caused title having to be cut down and script fixed to fit revamped air-line scheds. On t'other hand, Fred MacMurray's pay check went from \$750 to \$2,500 a week, by gosh! . . . All-plane pictures not too popular in Hollywood. Planes lack area for numerous exits, entrances; leafy bowers for love wrastlings. Nor can hero tap a cigarette on a nonchalant case, since no smoking's allowed. Characters must keep seats. Paramount solved this by not regarding plane as an unromantic loose dot in space but a mobile living symbol flying through radio waves, light, fog, darkness, sky hell, emotional gamuts. . . . Enormous air set 400 by 140 feet was erected at Alhambra Airport; \$40,000 worth of authentic air-line equipment, plus \$12,000 worth of flying gadgets, plus \$15,000 to duplicate idealized Newark Airport were added. . . . Director Mitch Leisen's a skilled pilot; wants to handle controls of China Clipper; may get a chance to; personally flew across country to photograph backgrounds for this. Leisen gets herein first night shots of New York City—took six days to get right atmospheric conditions. . . . ZaSu Pitts was speeded to Alhambra location so fast one day, she found her first plane ride very, very calm and much, much safer. ZaSu's threatening just not to show up for work one of these days. Only thing keeps her is, hopes she'll step in the vacant Marie Dressler boots. ZaSu's been at it fourteen years without being exclusively contracted anywhere. . . . Joan Bennett got herself a new personality for this by altering her make-up and hair coiffure. . . . Fred Keating got a letter offering him course in *How You Can Improve Your Mind in One Evening*, made a mistake, showed it around, never heard last of it. . . . Fred MacMurray's engaged to Lilian Lamont, but considers Libby Holman the most interesting woman he's ever met up with. He's been in nine pix in his short year in celluloid. . . . Ruth Donnelly tatted throughout filming. . . . They found it too cold to act in plane over High Sierras, so necessary snow set had to be syntheticked, costing many \$\$\$. . . Alan Baxter and John Howard are Phibes and let everybody know it, but you can't open a can of sardines with the key.

★ ★ O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED

THE PLAYERS: George O'Brien, Irene Ware, Stanley Fields, James Bush, Victor Potel, Reginald Barlow, Dick Cramer, Tom London, Charles King, Olin Francis, Crauford Kent. Directed by David Howard. Story by William S. Hart.

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED is a rootin'-tootin' horse opera of the chase-and-fight genre that has been consistently popular since the

birth of pictures. Fairly stuffed with fisticuffs and hard riding, it has many spots of comedy and an inoffensive love story entwined around the more sanguinary elements. Written by William S. Hart, the story has barrel-chested George O'Brien as a mountie who starts out to get his man and winds up getting a whole gang, vindicating an innocent youth and winning a pure young gal for himself.

All this, naturally, is not accomplished without a great number of hazardous exploits. But O'Brien manfully faces them all and the knock-down-drag-out action that piles on top of itself comes in large enough doses to satisfy even the most avid Western fans. Stanley Fields makes a completely hissable villain, Irene Ware a spotlessly sweet heroine, and James Bush is excellent as her maligned brother. Set in handsome outdoor backgrounds, O'Malley of the Mounted has just about all that any Western should have.

VITAL STATISTICS: Unlike most independent producers, I. P. Sol Lesser, the Man who Mounted O'Malley, finances his own. Manages this nicely, having had forethought to sell out his Fox West Coast Theater interests for a couple of million in B. C. (Before the Crash). Lesser's epics are simple, clean, sweet, successful. Bridges at term quickie maker. Quickies made on Poverty Row are scheduled from three to ten days; use half a writer; a half-star ex-star; cost from \$6,000 to \$35,000, plus anything in the baby's bank. Lesser's O'Brien's sched nineteen to twenty-five days; use a whole writer; cost from \$65,000 to \$90,000. Were Lesserinos made by big plants they'd come to from 25 to 1,000 per cent more, due to overhead, splurge complex, etc.—ranking as super-quickies. . . . Frisco police captain's son George O'Brien is of the generation when the manly type was cherished on the screen. Bounded into the world in Frisco September 1, 1900, and has been boxing, turning handsprings, basketballing, riding, handballing, fishing, hunting, making-screen love sternly ever since. A radioer on Subchaser 297 during war, he fought his way to heavyweight championship of Pacific Fleet; turned down offers to be a pro boxer after war to lug cameras around locations for Tom Mix, then a \$10,000-a-week man. William Fox made him an actor, handing him leading plum (and role) in Iron Horse; then shot him into early movie artistic Sunrise with Janet Gaynor; after which the Johnstown Flood, in which George gave Janet acting pointers. For some reason, they never continued George's career as a serious actor (Sunrise type)—else he might have become a male Duse. Married Marguerite Churchill after

kissing her throughout Riders of the Purple Sage; they have dotter Orrin, born last June. George keeps in perfect pink offscreen, and never drinks or smokes at any time. Runs the Iron Horse Stable, lending money to cowboys who have only a horse to leave as security. Will permit only his hoss handler Sid Jordan to do trick-picture shooting. Has let Sid shoot buttons off his shirt. Wears red flannels on cold locations like Idylwild, San Jacinto Mountains, used herein. George thinks highly of Westerns. Charming, likable, George fits into spurs or tuxedo equally well. . . . James Bush and his maw have just built themselves a Hollywood ranch, their color love white being the motif, right down to the rabbits and chickens. Fine thing for a Western actor, huh! . . . Menacer Stanley Fields, sometimes mean, sometimes ludicrously funny-mean, is really Walton Agnew of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Married, has no kids. Was Frank Fay's straight man for years after start as a blackface comic. Wants to lead a band; lost plenty in a L. A. service station; hates crowds, loves solitude. . . . Can you remember when Victor Potel was Slippery Slim for Essanay twenty-five years ago? I can't. . . . If you want to know what happens to ex-Miss Americas, I give you Irene Ware, victimized into acting by an aunt who snuck Irene's picture into an International Beauty Contest. . . . Author William S. Hart, squinty sourpuss Western hero, is contemplating a comeback. . . . Give Director Howard a boat or some scenery, and he's happy.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

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The history of American money from Alexander Hamilton's days to the present. The more we read it, the more we realize that money is easier to make than to understand.

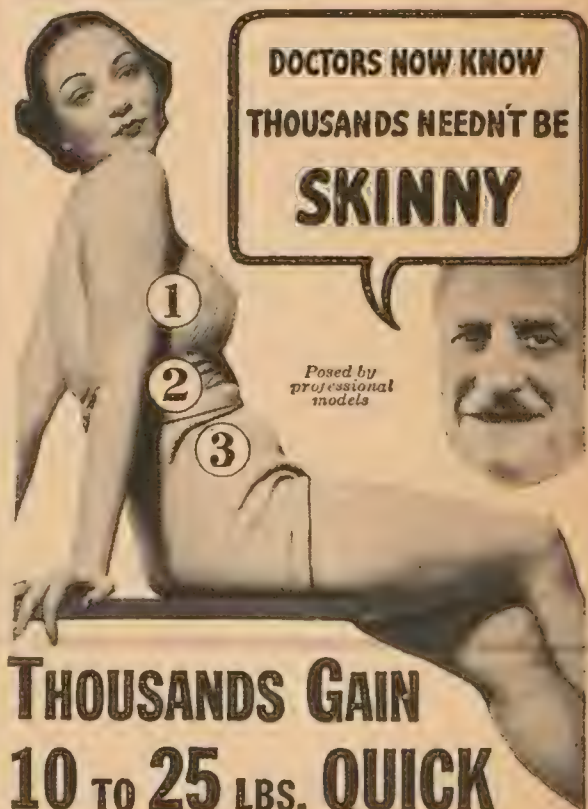
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Elementary, My Dear Watson!

Liberty's Short Short
by SIDNEY BOWEN

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 18 SECONDS



HAGGARTY of the Homicide Squad dropped to one knee on the sidewalk, squinted at the small blue hole just back of the right ear, rolled the dead man over and went through his pockets. The search netted two handkerchiefs, fountain pen, pencil, card and license case, an apartment-rent receipt, two hundred dollars in cash, and a coin-slotted mailing card from the Snap-Action Photo Service.

The card and license case identified the dead man as Maurice Cartwright, but Haggarty knew that. Who wouldn't? The picture of the sports bookmaker was in the Sunday sepia sections about as often as those of the Dionné quins. However, Haggarty also knew that Cartwright had failed to cover his "book" on the Empire Golden Heels the week before. And, to use the well known term, he had more or less welshed on a fifty-thousand-dollar bet placed by Gregory Raven, the Broadway gambler.

Haggarty's eyes gleamed with a happy light as he stuffed the dead man's belongings into his pocket and took out his notebook. If he brought in Cartwright's murderer, his promotion from third- to second-grade detective was practically assured. He'd been third grade for a long time now. Martha, his wife, had reminded him of it no less than seven times in the last week.

Notebook out, stub pencil clutched between his thick fingers, he faced the wide-eyed group, shoulder to shoulder about the dead man. "Who saw it? What did the killer look like? Tell me all you saw."

It developed that no less than some three hundred-odd pedestrians on Madison Avenue, between Forty-second and Fortieth streets, had seen Maurice Cartwright killed. The murderer was a tall, short, fat, middle-aged youth. He wore a green, black, tan camel's-hair or Scotch-tweed coat. On his head was a brown, black, gray derby, cap, or snap-brim felt. He fired one, five, or ten shots from a pistol, automatic, or submachine gun. He raced away on foot, in a taxi, sedan, roadster, or bus.

Haggarty groaned and snapped his book shut. The cop on the beat started moving the crowd along. It was then that the elderly lady rushed up and clutched Haggarty's arm. In high-keyed agitated tones she demanded that Haggarty find Bitsy-Boy at once. She announced that she was Mrs. J. Ronald Swathout, and that her precious darling had scampered away as she was entering the Elite Beauty Salon to keep an eleven-o'clock appointment.

Bitsy-Boy was a prize Sealyham, a gift from Mr. Swathout, she explained, and that he'd had his bath only two hours ago.

About that time Inspector Ryan drove up in a department car. Both Haggarty and Mrs. Swathout reported in detail. On two different things, however. Inspector Ryan agreed with them both. He agreed with Haggarty that it was undoubtedly Gregory Raven. And he agreed with Mrs. Swathout that Bitsy-Boy should be searched for at once. The last was only natural. Inspector Ryan happened to know that J. Ronald Swathout was a close friend of the Police Commissioner. So he gave Haggarty the double assignment. First, to find Bitsy-Boy. And second, to find Gregory Raven and bring him down to Centre Street for questioning.

With mixed feelings Haggarty pulled Cartwright's

belongings from his pocket, turned them over to Inspector Ryan, and started off on his first assignment. It required exactly fifteen minutes. He found Bitsy-Boy inspecting a fire hydrant some twenty feet from the door of the Elite Beauty Salon.

The second assignment took considerably longer. It was close to six o'clock that evening before he located Gregory Raven and took him down to Centre Street. There, Mr. Raven called up his lawyer, and the lawyer came down with four gentlemen who solemnly swore that Raven had been playing cards with them in the Tabor Hotel at eleven ten, the established time of the murder. Bail bond secured Raven's release in short order. . . .

Three days and three nights dragged by. Next of kin claimed Cartwright's body. Gregory Raven went merrily on his gambling way. And Haggarty traveled in unending circles about a solid nonshatterable alibi.

On the morning of the fourth day he sat down to breakfast in his modest Flatbush apartment with heavy heart and dwindling hopes. Every path had led to the same stone wall. Every loophole had been plugged up tight. Martha poured his coffee, sniffed significantly.

"Mrs. McCarthy was telling me yesterday as how Tim's capturing them bank robbers will get him first grade in no time. A pity you can't do as good as him!"

Haggarty crammed a muffin in his mouth and bent over his plate. Martha sniffed again and went out of the front door for the mail. The bills she plumped down in front of him, picked up a knife and slit open a letter she had kept. He crammed another muffin into his mouth and looked gloomily at the bills.

"WELL, I might have known! Just another skinflint scheme to get money from honest people!"

Haggarty looked up.

Martha was glaring at a snapshot.

"Found one of them street picture cards in the pocket of your suit I sent to be pressed day before yesterday. Haven't had a picture of you since the department outing two years ago. So I sent the card in with the quarter they charge. And look what they send me! That ain't no more a snapshot of you than—than anything!"

"Huh? Well, you should know best. . . . Hey, wait! Let me see that! Holy mackerel!"

Haggarty bolted from his chair to the phone in the front hall, dialed it furiously.

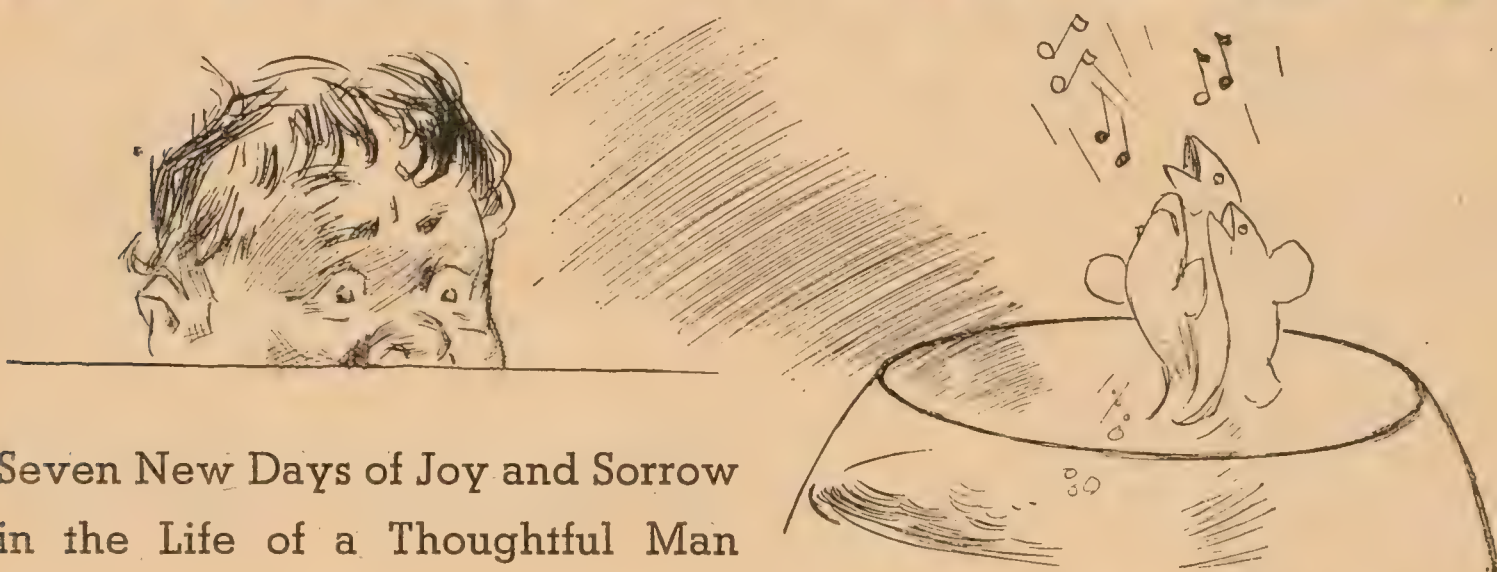
"Inspector? Haggarty! I've busted the dog—I mean the Cartwright case. . . . Sure! Raven did it. Sure! Listen, inspector. I played a hunch. In Cartwright's pocket I found one of them Snap-Action picture cards. Sent it in, just on chance, see? Meant to tell you. Well, I just got the picture. It's one of him walking up Madison toward Forty-first. And, listen. There's people in back of him, and one of them is Raven! Yeah! Clear as day. And that darn pup, that Sealyham mutt, is dashing across in front of Cartwright. That checks the time. . . . Yes, sir! I'm bringing it right down. 'By.'"

"Well, of all the—"

"Now, wait, Martha! You want me to be made second grade, don't you?"

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY



CARTOONS BY
STEPHEN
GROUT

Seven New Days of Joy and Sorrow
in the Life of a Thoughtful Man

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

by NORMAN ANTHONY

MONDAY: Up betimes and reading in the public prints that two thirds of the country is dependent on the other third I did conceive the idea of launching a new political group called the Relief Party, whereupon my dear wife did suggest that a cow would be an appropriate symbol, the party's slogan, "The moo the merrier," and its campaign song, Becows I Love You. But I did rebuke her for her facetiousness, remarking that they had laughed at Fulton and his steam boat, and she did retort that if they had laughed at Fulton and his steam boat they would undoubtedly have hysterics at me and my hot air and that anyway I was just the man for the Presidential candidacy as she knew of no one who had been on relief longer and that if I would get the hell out of the apartment she too might get a little relief.

So out to a publick where I did tell several of my cronies of my idea and so taken were they with it that they toasted the Relief Party in milk punches and later we did repair to a street corner, where I was making my first campaign speech when Officer Mulcahey did chance by. So to the station house.

TUESDAY: Up and my wife did suggest that so long as I was head of the Relief Party I might relieve her with the house-cleaning and she did hand me several large rugs which I took to the roof and hung over a wire and was just in the act of beating them when a man appeared highly indignant and made remark that I had hung my damn rugs on his radio aerial and that he was unable to hear a Democratic speech, and I did retort that instead of complaining he ought to thank me and I proceeded to acquaint him with our new movement and he became so interested that he did go and fetch a bottle of whisky and I did tell

He became so interested he did go and fetch a bottle of whisky.



him the story of the farmer who had nine sons, eight of them Democrats and one Republican, and when questioned as to the reason for the ninth one's affiliation, the farmer replied, "Well, he got to readin'," and so we fell to singing new campaign songs, among them being the President's favorite, A Loan on the Range, Dancing Check to Check, and The Money Goes Round and Around.

WEDNESDAY: Up and my dear wife did suggest that if it wouldn't interfere too much with my political duties she would appreciate it if I would go to the notion store and buy her a spool of thread.

So out with the sample of cloth my wife did give me for matching, and in order to fortify myself for the errand did stop in a publick where I did find John the barkeep experimenting with a new pick-me-up and he did ask me if I would help him in his research, to which request I acquiesced as I have always felt it is man's duty to help further the interests of science.

Thence to the notion store and upon arriving there found that I had inadvertently lost my dear wife's sample but did purchase a spool of thread from memory and so home and my wife made inquiry as to what was I

doing with the piece of thread in my hand and where was the rest of it, whereupon I did reply that the rest of it extended back to the notion store, and when my wife questioned me as to what the idea was I explained that it was to save a trip because if the thread was what she wanted I would wind it up at my end, and if it wasn't the lady in the notion store could wind it back.

THURSDAY: Awoke to the mournful howling of a cat and it did annoy me to such an extent that I did open the window and cry "Scat!" with great vigor, which effort caused my

Rollfast

ROLLER SKATES



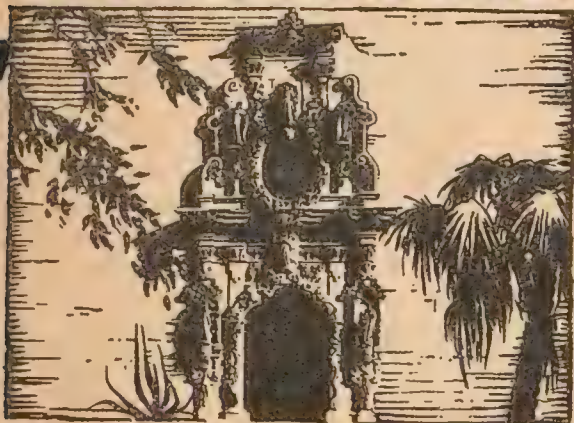
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AND THE

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plate to be expelled from my mouth and lodge on a ledge far below the window.

So procuring a fishing rod and line from the closet I did endeavor to retrieve my teeth but with little success and causing a small crowd to gather on the sidewalk, among them Officer Mulcahey who made audible suggestion that perchance I was not using the right kind of bait and I found that with the absence of my plate it was exceedingly difficult for me to say even so simple a word as "Nuts!" But finally my poor efforts were rewarded and with the ribald cheers of the onlookers ringing in my ears I captured my poor teeth and retreated inside.

My wife came from the kitchen to find the cause of all the excitement and when I did explain the details to her she laughed so hysterically and so long that I was sorely tempted to commit mayhem.

So out and to the club where I did find the members engaged in a beer-drinking contest and rare sport I found it indeed. Thence home and when I did inform my dear wife what I had been doing she did ask sweetly, "Who won second prize, dear?"

FRIDAY: Up betimes feeling cheery and bright and I made remark to my dear wife that spring was indeed in the air and wasn't nature wonderful what with everything bursting into blossom, to which she agreed and added that my nose was also joining the movement.

So to a publick where I did chance to meet a gentleman who did bet me the drinks that I could not guess the color he was thinking of, and I did make several attempts with no success whatsoever, whereupon I did suggest that he attempt to guess what color I was thinking of and lackaday if he didn't do it three times in a row!

So home, and on the way my heart was touched by the utter loneliness of a small tree in our block and I did reflect that in this age of hurry and bustle little thought did we give to these silent sentinels who served us so faithfully and who never so much as received a friendly nod or a pat on the back, and wrapping my coat

about its shivering limbs I did escort it home.

SATURDAY: Up to find my dear wife gone, the alarm clock, telephone, and doorbell all ringing at the same time and so befuddled was I with sleep that I did answer the alarm clock, throw the phone out the window, and tell the person at the door that he had the wrong number.

So to the kitchen where I did find a note from my wife saying that she had gone shopping and would I kindly get the tree out before she returned.

Thence to the living room where I did in truth discover a tree and I did marvel how I ever got it into the house, the more so when I attempted to push it through the window, as it stuck fast and would not budge.

So after a beaker of whisky I did phone a tree surgeon telling him that it was an emergency case, and he did come very quickly and after examining the tree did inform me that it would be necessary to operate and so saying he sawed it through, causing the outside end to fall to the street on Officer Mulcahey who chanced to be passing. So back to bed.

SUNDAY: Up to find my dear wife gone to visit her mother and a note instructing me to change the water in the goldfish bowl and to feed the canary some birdseed, but I did find myself so shaky that I dared not attempt the chore until I had downed a few beakers of whisky.

So, after pouring the birdseed into the goldfish bowl, out for a walk, meeting up with Officer Mulcahey and he did eye me with hostile suspicion and when I did comment upon the inclemency of the weather he did remark that he had often seen it rain cats and dogs but never trees.

So to a publick to talk of this and that and thence home to find my poor wife fair beside herself and she did ask me if I had followed her instructions of the morning, and when I made reply that I had, she did exclaim angrily, "Then, would you mind telling me why the goldfish are singing?"

Further candid comments from Mr. Dunkle will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

- 1—Claudette Colbert.
- 2—By so throwing flat stones as to make them skip upon a surface of water.
- 3—By lottery.
- 4—As a poet.
- 5—Michigan. Governor W. A. Comstock directed all banks in that state to close February 14. President Roosevelt closed all banks in the United States, March 6.
- 6—Usually its blade is curved.
- 7—Cabot Strait.
- 8—Easy Aces.
- 9—Coal-mine air containing carbon monoxide (the poisonous automobile exhaust gas). One half of one per cent in the air kills.
- 10—Swimming, dancing, and horseback riding. According to Dean Cromwell, famed coach, swimming and dancing take the life and snap out of muscles employed in run-

ning, and the thigh muscles are stiffened by horseback riding.

11—1 Corinthians 11:15—"But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her."

12—In winter (according to Dr. Bernhard Haurwitz, Harvard University), chiefly because the earth is nearer the sun, there is less water vapor, and winter air is clearer and cleaner.

13—Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook.

14—The date palm.

15—Grover Cleveland (1837-1908).

16—Gyves are shackles, especially for the legs.

17—The Constitution of the Confederate States of America.

18—By Harry Thaw.

19—An isosceles triangle.

20—

William D. D.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A BASEBALL WIFE

ALTHOUGH women have stepped into men's sphere in a commanding way in business and practically all athletic endeavors except baseball and football, I think it will be a long time before we have "the first major-league woman ballplayer." Yet women play a very important part in our national pastime.

I believe I am well qualified to discuss this phase of the sport because my husband, Joe Cronin, is manager of the Boston Red Sox, and, years before I met Joe, I served as secretary and statistician for my uncle, Clark Griffith, who owns the Washington Senators in the American League.

Wives in baseball are at once a necessity and a handicap. Many years before I met Joe, I discovered that many a player owes his major-league success to the insistence of some woman that he retire early, eat the right food, stop smoking so many cigars, and keep away from poker in the wee hours of the morning because looking for three of a kind doesn't improve a batter's eye the next day.

Wives are a handicap because changes take place often in baseball, and as players are shipped from team to team, they must break up housekeeping and move on. If a baseball wife insists on trying to build a home, she then becomes a handicap. A baseball wife should be ready to move at five minutes' notice.

A baseball wife's major domestic problem is, strangely, not women who would steal her husband because he is a dramatic figure in the public eye. Her major problem is helping her husband get out of a "slump." A slump is that period of a ballplayer's life when he is not getting a lot of base hits. A slump is a bogeyman that wrecks homes, causes divorces, and sends a player off into the land of inebriation.

For instance, I know a woman whose husband, about every June, would go into a "hitting slump." Every evening the team was at home this wife would wait patiently until she heard the step of the breadwinner on the threshold. Her two children—Johnny, six, and Tommy, four—would be at her side. If hubby had a bad day at bat his step would be heavy, and Johnny would say, "Dad didn't get any hits today. I guess he won't play with me tonight." But if hubby's step was light, joy would reign in the household. When her man was in a slump, here was the wife's procedure:



The author and her husband, manager of the Red Sox.

The Confidences and Confessions of One Who Considers Herself "a Necessity and a Handicap"

by

MRS. JOE CRONIN

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

cover off the ball again. This happened regularly for seven years until the player left the major leagues to become a manager with a minor-league team.

A woman must coddle, fondle, cajole, flatter, and solace a husband-ballplayer but never irritate him while he is in a slump. When he is hitting the ball hard and the goose is hanging high, she can demand fur coats, diamonds, or anything her heart desires, and usually gets them. For the easiest "touch" in the world is a ballplayer when he is hitting well. Every panhandler knows that. Mendicants never make a touch on a player who is in a slump. He is usually in a dark, ugly mood. Slumps never bother my husband. He doesn't hit enough to worry, which is a blessing.

My entrance into baseball was quite accidental. In 1925 we were living in Montreal. My father died and my uncle, Clark Griffith, moved my six brothers and sisters and myself to Washington, D. C. I was given a position in the Washington baseball office. I was at Washington three years, handling the team's correspondence, keeping records, going South with the team for spring training, and accompanying my uncle everywhere, when one

"Hello, sweetheart," she would say and throw her arms about his neck. He would growl, "Hello," kiss her casually, shoo the children to one side, streak for the living room, and there grab a bat. Then he would place himself in front of a full-length mirror and try to see what he was doing incorrectly in swinging the bat.

His wife would say, after a few minutes of watching him, "You've got it, Jack. You've got it! That's just how you were hitting when you drove in all those runs in 1933!"

The husband would turn, his eyes would light up, and he would reply, "You really think I've got it? Maybe you're right!" Then he would swing the bat again, and after a few whirls of the bat he would grin and cry, "Watch me make that old ball sing tomorrow!" Then he would go in to dinner and, being superstitious while in a slump, he would demand that he be seated first, that he be served last, that he fold the napkin three times—and three times only—in his lap. Then he must use the fork in his left hand and never eat potatoes while in a slump.

After he went through this crazy ritual for ten days or two weeks, he would suddenly begin to tear the

day the postman dropped this brief letter on my desk:

DEAR MILDRED:

Am bringing home to you a real sweetie in Joe Cronin, so be dolled up Wednesday or Thursday to meet him. Tall and handsome. Hold all my mail. Don't show this to any one.

Yours,

JOE.

This Joe who signed his name was Joe Engel, scout for the Washington team, whose job it was to go around the country and select promising ballplayers whom my uncle would buy for his team. Mr. Engel saw Joe Cronin in Kansas City and my uncle gave his approval.

Joe's thoughts were not running toward marriage when he first joined Washington. He was still very young and his first love was baseball. A little more than six years after we met we were married. It was an unusual situation for Joe. He was manager of my uncle's team. This meant, as my husband, that he was part of our family. People said laughingly, "Clark Griffith will have a hard time firing a fellow who is practically his son-in-law." Baseball is

both a game and a business, and being a business, it is ruled by the laws of commerce, the first of which is: Produce or let another man take your place!

We were married at the close of the 1934 season and had a long and leisurely honeymoon cruise from New York to San Francisco, Joe's home, via the Panama Canal. We were no sooner settled in San Francisco than the phone rang. It was my uncle, Clark Griffith.

He said to my husband, "Joe, the Boston club wants you. They've offered you such a good contract that I can't stand in your way. Take it. You couldn't have a better opportunity."

Joe stood there at the phone as if he was in a trance. He kept signaling to me to come to the phone. "Listen to what Clark is saying. I don't think my hearing is good," Joe said. I listened attentively to my uncle. Yes, it was true. Boston did want Joe. And the salary was magnificent. I said to my uncle, "Now I'm a girl with divided loyalties. Whom will I root for, Washington or Boston?" My uncle said, "Root for both of us," and I could hear him chuckling as his receiver went down.

A few months later we went to Boston, where Joe was banqueted and entertained like a rajah. But baseball is a very strange game. The very fans who had cheered Joe so vociferously on opening day began to boo him in the early summer when Joe went into a fielding slump. This did not disturb me. I am accustomed to hearing players cheered one day and jeered at the next. It's part of the game. Every ballplayer understands that and so do baseball wives. Adversity hardens a man. It either breaks him or makes him. It so happens that Joe had a stone bruise—or rather a spike bruise—on his foot at this time. But he could not offer this as an alibi. Such is not part of baseball's strict code.

The radio has made the American woman very conscious of baseball. Hundreds of thousands of women listen in to the games every day. I know, because we get hundreds of letters from women fans, asking infor-

mation about the game, asking for photographs and how baseball players keep in condition and what they eat.

The question of diet is an important one with a ballplayer. For instance, in 1935, Joe was about fifteen pounds overweight all year. This interfered with speedy movement around his position, that of shortstop. Even before the season ended, baseball writers said, "Cronin will have to move to first base in 1936. He is too heavy for a shortstop." But we knew differently. So when we got to San Francisco after the World Series, Joe went on a diet, lost the fifteen pounds, and went into spring training this year weighing 174 pounds, which is a normal weight for him. We eliminated potatoes, bread, all starches from his diet and concentrated on lamb chops, lean meats, vegetables—and baked apples! I have baked enough apples to last me for the rest of my life.

I spend at least one full day answering fan mail, with Joe dictating those letters he is required to answer. Another day is consumed keeping the scrapbooks and records in order. Joe writes at least 200 letters every

season to boys. I wish I could show you some of these letters. They are our priceless treasures. Incidentally, if we are ever blessed with a son I am going to raise my boy to be a ballplayer. It is a fine honorable profession that pays high dividends to the man who is skillful and clean-living.

Wives do not travel with the team when the boys go on the road. One of the most difficult things that a baseball wife must learn is: Do not gossip with other players' wives. Ball teams have been rent asunder because a baseball wife said something about another player which the player affected thinks—and reasonably so—came from the

husband of the wife who made the careless statement.

Ballplayers are high-strung and nervous. They react quickly to criticism, particularly from fellow players. They are quite calloused to what the sports writers say, because the newspaperman must report things as he sees them. Often I have seen Joe laugh as he read a story by some sports writer who has "roasted" him. Joe will say, "I admire this fellow. He writes what he thinks. And what he says here is true!"

The woman's place in baseball—as far as money is concerned is: Save it! For there is always the rainy day coming when the player's legs get stiff, his eye can no longer follow fast ball pitching, and the terrific heat starts to undermine his health.

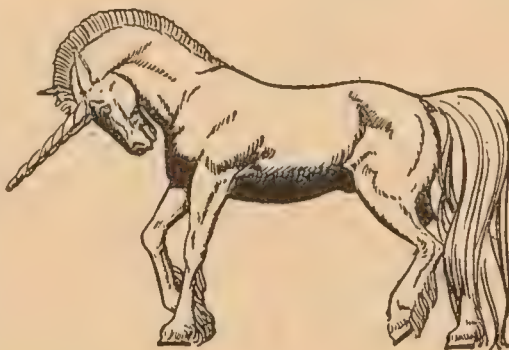
In former days ballplayers were known as a "spend-thrift breed"; they believed in "easy come, easy go." Today ballplayers take out annuity policies or invest their money in good stocks or bonds or make wise real-estate investments. Many ballplayers retain their wives as business managers. Players in the main are not good business men because their training has been along other lines. But most women have a sense for business and can direct their husbands in putting aside a percentage of the salary for the future when the big checks no longer roll in.

THE END

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan

UNICORNS

never existed. This fabulous animal, widely used in heraldry, seems to have originated from confused reports of the rhinoceros, oryx, and narwhal; also because of an error that was made in the translation of some of the early versions of the Old Testament.



HOME is not the safest place. In a recent year, according to the National Safety Council, approximately 52 per cent of all people who were injured in accidents received their injuries in or about the home. A total of 9,821,000 people were injured in various accidents. Of this number, 5,134,500 were injured in or around the home.

MOTHS do not eat clothes. Moths lay eggs, the eggs develop into larvae, and the larvae eat clothes. They then change into pupae, each forming a

tiny cocoon about itself, and moths emerge in due course of time from these cocoons. Of course, it is well to discourage moths, for if permitted to remain they will lay eggs and the resulting larvae will be destructive.

In moth form, however, these insects do not eat clothes.

DR. GUILLOTIN did not die on the guillotine. Although he introduced the guillotine into France, he did not die on this machine as is commonly believed. He died a natural death in 1814.

GERMAN SILVER does not contain silver. It contains copper, nickel, and zinc; sometimes lead in small amounts. It evidently received its name because of a resemblance to silver, and because it was introduced through its manufacture in Germany.

TO THE

Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AT social events in Ethiopia it is ladylike to make dainty use of an ivory earpick.

Before serving coffee you must wash the cups in a dishpan with all your guests looking on. If some guests don't quite empty their cups it is polite to pour their leftover coffee back in the pot and reheat it for the next serving. Ethiopian ladies sleep on beds made of dried cow dung. They are terrible cooks, but they never go gadding around the streets at night. The police won't let 'em.

I get all this from Fay Gilles Wells, who just came home from there. Her husband is Linton Wells, newspaperman, foreign correspondent for the New York Herald-Tribune. Fay is a writer, too, and she flies. Had to bail out by parachute one time when the wings of her plane snapped off way up in the altitude.

Back from Ethiopia she fetched a baby leopard named Snooks—a lady leopard, eight months old, bow-legged, housebroken, vain as a peacock. Day after day Snooks puts in her time admiring herself in mirrors. Bathrooms delight her. She curls up in the washbowl, her eyes glued to the looking glass on the medicine cabinet.

Fay comes from Minnesota, has lived everywhere, including Soviet Russia,

where her father, an American engineer, is employed by the government.

● A frightened girl took refuge with a young couple who were her friends. She was going to have a baby—and she wasn't married. When her baby arrived the young couple adopted it, having none of their own. The mother went away, and trouble arose eventually between the husband and wife who had adopted her child. They decided to separate. But they have changed their minds. There will be no divorce. Why? Because the baby's mother has married now, is quite well off, and they are terrified by the thought that she might claim her child, although she has no legal right to do so. "We love that kid so much that we are going to stick together," they say. "We couldn't bear to part with it." Are they selfish or unselfish?

● Dressed at their own moderate expense, two hundred young working girls competed recently in a contest put on by Amy Vanderbilt for amateur mannequins. It was an interesting show, and it cast a bright light on some of the mistakes every woman of small income should avoid. As one of the judges, I came most definitely to the following conclusion: To look smart in inexpensive clothes we *must* sew well enough to make a workmanlike job of shortening or lengthening a skirt, taking up shoul-



FAY GILLES WELLS

der seams, tightening sleeves. Genuine style requires everything to fit correctly down to the last detail. Inexpensive clothes almost always need alterations, and you can't trust them to any one else. Learn to make them yourself. Learn to make them *right*.

● Have just discovered a blessed novelty for the summer auto tourist. It's a small wedge-shaped pillow with a pocket in it for holding those necessities—cigarettes, lipstick, bottle opener, etc.—which lose themselves so ex-

asperatingly during a long trip by car.

● A certain hostess is the envy of her women friends because her parties are always successful. Her guests always have a good time. I heard one friend of hers touch upon the reason for this with what I thought was a valuable analysis. The friend said:

"Every one has a good time at her parties because she has such a good time herself."

That was an important observation, it seemed to me, for any hostess to understand and remember. Sometimes we work so hard taking care of the guests at our parties, that we neglect to have any fun on our own hook. And the result of our toilsome hospitality defeats itself.

Everybody helps us entertain the others. With everybody hard at work, *nobody* has much fun.

● Dorothea Brande gives us clever advice about when to talk and when *not* to talk, how to think and how *not* to think. I recommend her book, *Wake Up and Live!* (Published by Simon and Schuster.)

● Of their wise old teacher, Confucius, who lived nearly three thousand years ago, the Chinese historians have recorded that he *was never without ginger when he ate*. Chinese cooks still add ginger to many of their meat or vegetable dishes, believing that it helps digestion and "clears the mind." I'll skip the mental part, but I do know that liver cooked with ginger, in the Chinese way, is a delight to my taste. Try it.

Put 2 pounds thinly sliced liver in your frying pan with a little peanut oil. Salt and pepper. Fry lightly for 6 minutes. Take the liver out. Now put 3 tablespoons soy sauce in the pan. Thoroughly crush a 2-inch piece of preserved gingerroot and put that in. Also 1½ tablespoons sherry wine. Let cook a few minutes, sprinkle in 1 scant teaspoon flour, then put the liver back in the pan and simmer very carefully for 10 minutes. Serve with crisply broiled bacon.



Rick Man's SON

READING TIME
22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A DOUBLE tragedy has placed Jeff Lorimer, scion of a wealthy New York family, in the spotlight of poisonous scandal. He is on trial for manslaughter, charged with killing Howard Locke when he found him attempting to force his attentions on Doris Fenton, the girl Jeff loves. In the fist fight that ensued, Locke struck his head against a cement pillar, and died without regaining consciousness.

When news of the scandal reached Jeff's mother, a sufferer from heart trouble, the shock proved fatal to her. And his father, feeling that Jeff was directly responsible for her death, refused to have anything to do with his son. He did, however, plot with the family lawyers, Jeff's defense counsel, to force Doris Fenton to tell a "more convincing story" in court. In the hope of offsetting the prosecution's contention that Jeff killed in a jealous rage, Doris is prompted to say that she had encouraged Locke in his attentions and that he was attacking her when Jeff rescued her.

What the court does not know is that Natalie, Jeff's younger sister, had been one of Locke's victims in a secret affair that ended very unhappily for the girl. To protect the family name from further scandal and to protect Natalie, Jeff had sworn her to secrecy. Following testimony from Carol Carson, a blues singer who entertained Jeff in Miami and who had accompanied him to Locke's penthouse on the fatal night—testimony in which she painted Locke as a despoiler of women, a dealer in dope and blackmail schemes—Jeff takes the stand.

Pointed questions concerning his affair with Doris enrage Jeff so much that he finally shouts: "He deserved to die! I love that girl over there, and I would do the same thing all over again to any man who—" Before he can continue, a girl, running toward the stand, shouts, "Stop!"

PART SEVEN—NEW FEARS TO FACE

THE girl was Nat. Jumping up on the stand beside Jeff before any one could stop her, she shouted: "Let me tell the story! I want to tell the real reason why my brother wanted revenge on Howard Locke. Judge, I can testify, can't I? Let me tell the jury!"

"No!" Jeff protested loudly. "Don't let her do it, judge! She doesn't know what she is talking about. She's insane! Father—Uncle Hal—take Nat away." His voice was drowned in the clamor set up by the spectators.

"Let me tell the jury!"
Nat shouted. "Judge, I
can testify, can't I?"



Not a person in the room was in his seat. Geoffrey Lorimer was hurrying over to his children. The judge pounded. Eventually order was restored.

"You mustn't let this child testify!" Geoffrey Lorimer was ordering the judge.

"If your daughter has something to say in her brother's defense, Mr. Lorimer," Judge Lawton answered kindly, "it would be a grave wrong to stop her." Turning to Nat, he said: "You may take the stand."

Reluctantly Jeff stepped down and Nat took his place, raising her right hand. She did not sit down. She turned her back on the lawyers and even the judge and addressed herself directly to the jury:

"I was the girl Miss Carson told you about whose picture Howard Locke saw in that magazine."

At times talking fast and clearly and at others speaking so low the jury sat forward so as not to miss a word, Nat told for the benefit of the gaping courtroom how she had become involved with Locke. She omitted nothing. Her courage, the truth shining in her face, struck clean to the hearts of the men in the jury box.

"I don't know whether or not my brother loves Doris Fenton," she concluded. "But if he does, it must have been more than he could bear to see Howard Locke trying to do the same thing to her that he had done to me. Don't you see? He was half out of his mind!"

During her startling testimony Geoffrey Lorimer stared at his daughter. His expression was that of a



by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

Can This Tortured Love Surmount the Barrier of a Father's Unholy Pride? Now Comes a Dramatic Interlude in a Poignant and Revealing Modern Novel

mere petty jealousy that night when he so viciously attacked the deceased.

"And as for the defendant's sister—she was of age when she became involved in this affair with Howard Locke. She was no child. She was not drugged nor plied with liquor. When she surrendered to the deceased she did it knowing the possible consequences of her act. Why blame the man? And how do we know that he was the first man in her life? Can she prove it?"

Nat uttered a horrified cry at this accusation and Geoffrey Lorimer half-rose in his chair. But Edwards passed on to his next point of attack.

With a sudden startling dramatic gesture he turned and pointed an accusing finger at Doris Fenton. "Look at her," the prosecutor commanded. "She is beautiful—is she not? With a face and form capable of bringing out lustful desires. That girl was born to allure men! She has already admitted using these wiles on Howard Locke to advance herself. With her own lips she told how she encouraged him. Then who can blame him for wanting to possess her?"

"Again I claim the defendant struck and killed the deceased not because he was attacking Doris Fenton but because he appeared to be winning the girl's favor. That brutal, cowardly attack was the act of a jealous man. I claim premeditated murder was in the heart and soul of Jeff Lorimer when he stepped out on the terrace that night in search of the girl he wanted for himself!

"And what of Howard Locke's bereaved wife? Deprived of the loving care of her husband—are you going to submit her to the greater torment of seeing the man who murdered him go free?" Now he leaned both hands on the jury box and swept the twelve men with his searching eyes. "Gentlemen, let your sense of justice—not cheap appeal to your emotions—guide your decision!"

Flushed and perspiring, he turned quickly and sat down at the state's table. Now Judge Lawton began to charge the jury.

He told them that the testimony of Dr. Frisbee—that Locke could have died from a heart attack and not from a fractured skull—was not official opinion and as such must be disregarded. The coroner's verdict was "death from a skull fracture" and must be accepted.

His charge ended, the judge sat back. The jury rose and passed out of the courtroom. A guard locked the door and the judge got down from the bench and retired.

Jeff was immediately returned to his cell and locked in. "He's guilty . . . he'll be acquitted . . . there will be a retrial . . . with his old man's money . . .

man who has just seen something that he can't believe exists. But now that the greatest emotional moment she had ever gone through was ended, Nat wilted and crawled dazedly out of the witness box. Young Cranston was quicker than Geoffrey Lorimer in reaching her side. At the defense table she collapsed into her brother's arms, sobbing quietly. . . .

Now Tom Cranston rose from the defense table and stood before the jury to summarize the case he had presented in Jeff Lorimer's behalf.

"I ask every man of you," he pleaded, "to put himself in the same position as the defendant. Suppose it was *your* sister who had been despoiled? Suppose it was the girl *you* loved whom you saw fighting to save herself from such a monster? Wouldn't you have been tempted to violence?"

Cranston asked if they thought his declaration of love, which they had heard, for Doris Fenton was the act of a man who trifled with the affections of poor girls.

He recalled Carol's testimony on the sort of man Locke was. "There is no telling how many young boys and girls he started on their way to ruin," he pointed out. "Such a man is better off dead!"

District Attorney Edwards was more brief, more bitter. "In spite of the testimony you have heard against Howard Locke, and in spite of the ridiculously distorted picture the defense counsel has so clumsily painted of him for you, I claim that the defendant was moved by

that girl's a pip . . . his poor sister!" Not all of these fragments of conversation reached the ears of Geoffrey Lorimer, but enough of them did to make him ask Osborne: "What is the extreme penalty for manslaughter, Andrew?"

"Twenty years, Geoffrey," was the answer. . . .

Among those who had hurried off when the jury retired to debate were Doris and Carol. Nat watched them curiously as they pushed through the jammed aisles. Doris Fenton especially held her interest because of Jeff's open declaration of love for the girl. She was glad Margot was in Vienna with her mother. Nat wondered if she knew about Jeff.

"We might as well get a breath of fresh air and a bite to eat," Andrew Osborne suggested. "There is no telling how long it will be before the jury reaches a decision."

Geoffrey Lorimer nodded in agreement. "I'll be at the house, Andrew. Phone me when there is news."

Young Cranston did his best to shield Nat from the photographers. In the restaurant, she turned to him, making no effort to hide her anxiety. "You think my brother will come out all right, don't you, Mr. Cranston?" The desperation in her face tugged at his heartstrings. The young lawyer, who had found it difficult to keep his eyes off Nat from the very beginning, tried to be cheerful.

"Of course he will, Miss Lorimer," he replied reassuringly. But in his mind were grave misgivings.

"Mr. Osborne and you have certainly done everything possible," she said sincerely. "Your final plea to the jury was wonderful! I hope that when Jeff is back home again you will come and see us."

Cranston smiled. "I have been wishing you would invite me to call, Miss Lorimer."

At seven o'clock they returned to the nearly empty courtroom—to wait. Doris and Carol were already there. Doris longed to speak to Nat. But Jeff's sister gave her no opening. It would have been difficult for Nat to feel any bond of sympathy with the girl who had got her brother into this trouble.

Time dragged on until twenty minutes to twelve. Then the door of the jury room opened wide enough to permit some one to speak to the guard, and the spectators hushed in tense anticipation. Judge Lawton was being sent for. The jury had reached a verdict.

"I'm so afraid!" Nat whispered to Cranston, grasping his arm. He pressed her hand encouragingly.

Now Jeff was brought back to the courtroom, handcuffed to the guard, who released him as soon as they reached the defense table. The judge emerged from the door behind the bench. The clerk rapped for order. The courtroom got to its feet.

"The prisoner will rise and face the jury."

Jeff stumbled to his feet, mouth twitching, eyes dilated. Now the foreman rose.

"Has the jury reached a verdict?" Judge Lawton asked.

"It has, Your Honor," came the reply. "We find the defendant *not guilty!*"

THE strange mob psychology that makes people cheer wildly at an acquittal—whether or not they believe the verdict a just one—swept through the room. Men stood up on benches and whistled. Hysterical women rushed down to the front of the courtroom and tried to break past the guards to congratulate Jeff. Reporters scrambled out to telephone their papers. Nat's head was buried on her brother's shoulder, and Uncle Hal and the two lawyers were talking elatedly.

Eventually quiet was restored and Judge Lawton thanked the jury for its services. He said he could find no criticism with their verdict. Smiling down on Jeff, he congratulated him. Court was dismissed. Jeff Lorimer was free!

Ignoring the outstretched hands of his lawyers, scarcely seeing his uncle, the boy disengaged himself from Nat's clinging arms and made his way to where Carol and Doris were waiting inside the railing. A moment later Doris was in his arms, so overcome she could not speak or even cry. Carol laughed through her own tears and hugged them both.

Uncle Hal joined the trio. "Your father is waiting

for us, Jeff," he reminded him. "I am sure the young ladies will understand."

Jeff looked at his uncle, puzzled. Then he said:

"Oh, yes—my father."

Carol spoke up quickly: "Yes—go home now, Jeff. I will take Doris to the hotel with me."

Jeff faced his father in the latter's study. They were alone. The lawyers and Uncle Hal had left after a late supper Pitts had prepared. Nat was in bed.

For days Geoffrey Lorimer had been rehearsing this scene. He was sitting behind his carved walnut desk, in the same big chair that his father and grandfather had sat in, in this very room. In years past the old study had echoed with more than one bitter verbal clash between Lorimers.

"I have been very patient with you, Jeff," the banker was saying. "Far too patient. You have been a continual source of worry and consternation to me. Now my patience is at an end. I have given up trying to understand you and bring you gently around to my point of view. From now on I will give orders and you will obey. My first order is that tomorrow you are to start packing what things you will need for an indefinite cruise on the *Moirá*."

JEFF'S head shot up at this, but his father gave him no chance to interrupt. "Stay away until people lose interest in you and forget the disgraceful mess you have dragged us all through. Then perhaps the rest of us can come and go in this house as we used to—and not be ashamed to show our faces on the street! Margaret will go with you."

"But I can't stay away forever, father!" Jeff exclaimed. "To run off now would make me look like a coward." What he really meant was that to go away on his father's yacht would give Doris every reason to believe he was running out on her. Besides, he had promised himself never to separate from her again.

"For you to stay here will only cause me more heartache and embarrassment," his father returned coldly. "Don't you think you have done enough to me?"

Through the unsympathetic exterior his father had displayed ever since his arrest, Jeff saw, for the flash of a split second, the man inside the shell—an old man who could not see or hear or find his way about in the darkness of his own soul but was too proud to let any one know.

Now Jeff found it too difficult to argue further.

"How long am I to stay away, father?" he asked.

"Two months at least."

"And then?"

"Then you must settle down and behave—and try to remember you are still a Lorimer." Oh, what unholy pride, Jeff was thinking, that sacrifices *everything* to name!

"I will go only on one condition," Jeff agreed. "That you allow Doris Fenton to come here tomorrow."

The banker threw the letter opener he had been playing with on to the desk. "That girl—in my house?" He got to his feet in indignation. "And have your pictures plastered again in every paper in New York? Have you lost your senses? Put that girl out of your mind! You have no more reason to be interested in her than I have in—in a street cleaner. Put her out of your mind, I say—for good. I demand it!"

"Either I see her before I go—or I don't go."

His father fumed some more, then snapped: "All right. See her! Now get off to bed. I'm tired."

The first thing upon awaking next morning, Jeff telephoned Doris at Carol's hotel. He didn't know his father was listening in on an extension. He did not tell the girl that he was going away. He would do that when she was folded tight in his arms and could feel his love holding her close. At his suggestion that she come to the house, Doris cried: "Oh, Jeff, don't ask me to do that! I'm afraid of your father."

"But, darling, father knows all about it," Jeff argued. "We have so much to talk over." Before he hung up he had won her promise to be there at one thirty that afternoon.

Presently Dr. Elliot was closeted with Geoffrey Lori-

mer in the study. The physician listened compassionately while the banker talked.

"We have got to break up this affair between Jeff and the Fenton girl," Lorimer was insisting. "It will only lead to more trouble if we let it continue. The girl is plainly no good—and even if she were all right, I have other plans for my son."

"Wouldn't it be wise to let things ride for a few days, until the boy gets over the shock of the past weeks?" the doctor suggested.

"Nonsense, Jason—nip it in the bud! That's the only way to handle these affairs. She is coming here this afternoon—no doubt to dig her hooks in deeper. You've got to help me. Jeff mustn't see her."

The doctor looked up in amazement—then laughed. "Me, Geoffrey? How can I keep them apart?"

"Jeff is in a highly nervous condition," the banker retorted.

"Yes—"

"All right—prescribe a sedative that will keep him asleep for some time."

Dr. Elliot shook his head. "You're taking the wrong method with the boy. It will only be a stopgap. When he wakes up, what is to prevent him from calling her up and explaining?"

GEOFFREY LORIMER smiled. "Don't trouble yourself about that, Jason. Just see that Jeff drops off into a long sound sleep—but a long one!" He rang for his hat and coat.

"Going out so early?" the doctor asked.

"The Europa docks at noon. Margot and Mrs. Rogers are on it. I am going to meet them."

Dr. Elliot found Jeff propped up in bed reading the morning papers. Nat and Ogden were snuggled happily at the foot of the bed.

"Hello, doc!" Jeff greeted him. "Have you seen the papers? I don't understand how they figure things. They give a whole page to my acquittal—and here is a far more important story about a whole family found dead of starvation up in the Bronx. That kind of news ought to stir people up!"

"It's not the papers' fault, Jeff," Dr. Elliot tried to explain. "It's the people who read them. That's what they want. But let's forget the papers. I want to look you over."

"I'll be all right," Jeff insisted, "as soon as my nerves get quiet."

"I have something here for that," the doctor said quickly, opening his bag. "Take these right away," he said, handing Jeff three pills. From a carafe on the bedside table he poured a glass of water. Jeff swallowed the pills obediently.

"You children clear out and let your brother rest. Try to sleep, lad."

Jeff looked at the little onyx clock on his desk. It was eleven o'clock. "Tell Rudolph to wake me at twelve thirty sharp!" he said. The doctor was slow about putting things back into his bag. While he was doing it he watched Jeff covertly.

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Margot Rogers was surprised to find Geoffrey Lorimer at the boat to meet her mother and her.

"How did you know we were coming today?" she asked. "We thought we would slip into town quietly."

"I manage to read a bit of social news now and then," Lorimer smiled. He turned to Mrs. Rogers. "I hope the trip has benefited you?"

"I am quite recovered," she assured him. "But you have had so much trouble. Poor Mrs. Lorimer! Our hearts went out to you."

Margot said nothing.

"It was a trying time for all of us," he agreed, "but it is all over and Jeff is home again. He is taking a cruise on the Moira. When he returns I am hoping everything will be as it was before." He was looking at Margot; but Margot was playing with the catch on her purse. "Let me drive you home," he suggested.

When they swung off the overhead drive at Seventy-second Street and the North River, he said: "I have a favor to ask of you, Margot. Will you come to the house this afternoon—at one thirty? I realize it is short notice, but—"

Both Margot and her mother looked up. The concern in the man's voice was so obvious.

"Why, of course she will!" Mrs. Rogers declared. . . .

When the doctor had gone, Jeff slipped the pillow out from under his head and tried to relax. Soon Doris would be here. He would have her brought straight up to his own sitting room, so that no one might spy on them or hear the things he was going to say to her. It probably was a wise idea for him to go away for a while. No matter where he went, people would stare. And in two months' time some new sensation would be providing copy for the headlines.

Tucked away in his wall safe was an envelope Jeff was going to hand her as she was leaving him. In it was four hundred dollars—the remains of the last check his father had given him for his Florida vacation. That would take care of her until his return. Also in the envelope was a pretty coral pin he had bought for her in Florida. For the time being, that would be an engagement present.

Oh, Doris, Doris! So lovely, so desirable, so . . .

Like an electric light suddenly turned off, Jeff was plunged into unconsciousness.

At one o'clock a footman admitted Margot Rogers to the Lorimer house. In accordance with the master's instructions, she was taken at once to his study. Lorimer rose and hurried to meet her. When they were comfortably seated, he said:

"I wouldn't have asked you to come here today, Margot, if I did not desperately need your help. It's about Jeff. If I speak hastily, it is because there is so little time."

"Why, Mr. Lorimer!" the girl exclaimed. "What is it?"

Geoffrey Lorimer looked at his watch. "It is quarter after one. In fifteen minutes a girl is going to ring our doorbell . . ."

IN her hotel suite, Carol was giving last-minute advice to Doris, when a telegram was brought up.

Carol read it, then threw it on the bed in exasperation. "Can you beat that?" she cried. "Don Davidson phones me this morning that his backer has dug up more money and an opening for you—and here is a wire from Metro! Read it."

YOUR TEST SATISFACTORY [Doris read] TAKING UP
OPTION ON CONTRACT LEAVE IMMEDIATELY BY PLANE
FOR HOLLYWOOD NEW YORK OFFICE WILL ARRANGE
TRANSPORTATION

"Carol!" she cried. "How wonderful!"

"What are you going to do now?" Carol asked.

"Go back to my old roominghouse," Doris said. "My clothes are still there. It's cheap, and the woman who runs it is nice."

"Jeff won't let you stay there long," Carol predicted; "but you had better let me give you some money, just in case—"

"But I won't need it!" Doris protested. "I have thirty-five dollars, and that will last me until the Davidson show opens. He was nice to give me a job."

"You can live for four weeks on thirty-five dollars?" Carol gasped.

"Longer, if I have to," the girl smiled. "I learned economy from my Aunt Bess. I can tell you nineteen ways to cook potatoes."

At one o'clock the girls checked out of the hotel together, Doris leaving her bag temporarily in the trunk room.

"You will let me hear from you?" Carol asked as she was getting into a cab. "And give my love to Jeff. Maybe you will visit me in Hollywood."

Doris watched until the cab turned the corner. Then she went to keep her appointment.

The footman who opened the door to her looked at her coldly. "Mr. Lorimer is expecting me," she smiled.

He stood aside and closed the door behind her. "This way, please." He led the way to the small drawing room that opened directly off the hall. "Mr. Lorimer will be right down."

THE girl sat gingerly on the edge of one of the satin-damask chairs and looked about. There was a stark Victorian quality in the very atmosphere that sent nervous little chills up and down her back.

The gently blazing fire in the hearth attracted her. She went over and stretched out her hands to its friendliness. At the muffled step behind her, she turned, smiling, an exclamation on her lips. Not Jeff but his austere father crossed the threshold.

"Sit down, please," he invited her. Doris detected instantly that he was ill at ease. "You have come here to see my son, I know; but he has asked me to make his apologies." He hesitated, then added: "Miss Fenton, I want to be frank with you."

Wondering, the girl looked steadily at him. Lorimer remained standing. "Now, then," he began, fixing his eyes on her. "I have a strange son. He has always been a source of concern to me because of his instability. We have all—including yourself—just gone through a trying period. It was inevitable that sooner or later something like that would happen. At heart Jeff is a good boy, but he often lets his imagination run away with him. For example, he fancies himself in love with you!" Doris started. "He has had these aberrations before and I have always had to get him out of them. I am hoping you won't be any more difficult than the other girls were."

The banker was quite proud of his strategy.

Doris jumped up angrily. "That's enough, Mr. Lorimer! I came here at Jeff's invitation. He told me you approved. You've no right to insult me!"

"Wait!" Lorimer cried, barring her way. "I don't doubt your motives. I am not blaming you for what has happened and I do not want you to suffer through my son's erratic behavior. I realize how valuable your testimony was to us at the trial, and I am prepared to repay you—as I said I would."

He took a check from an inner pocket. It was made out to her order for a thousand dollars. He held it out to her, but Doris was not looking at it. She was looking at him, and her eyes were blazing.

"Very well," the banker shrugged. "I will put it here on the table. Presently you may be more inclined to accept it."

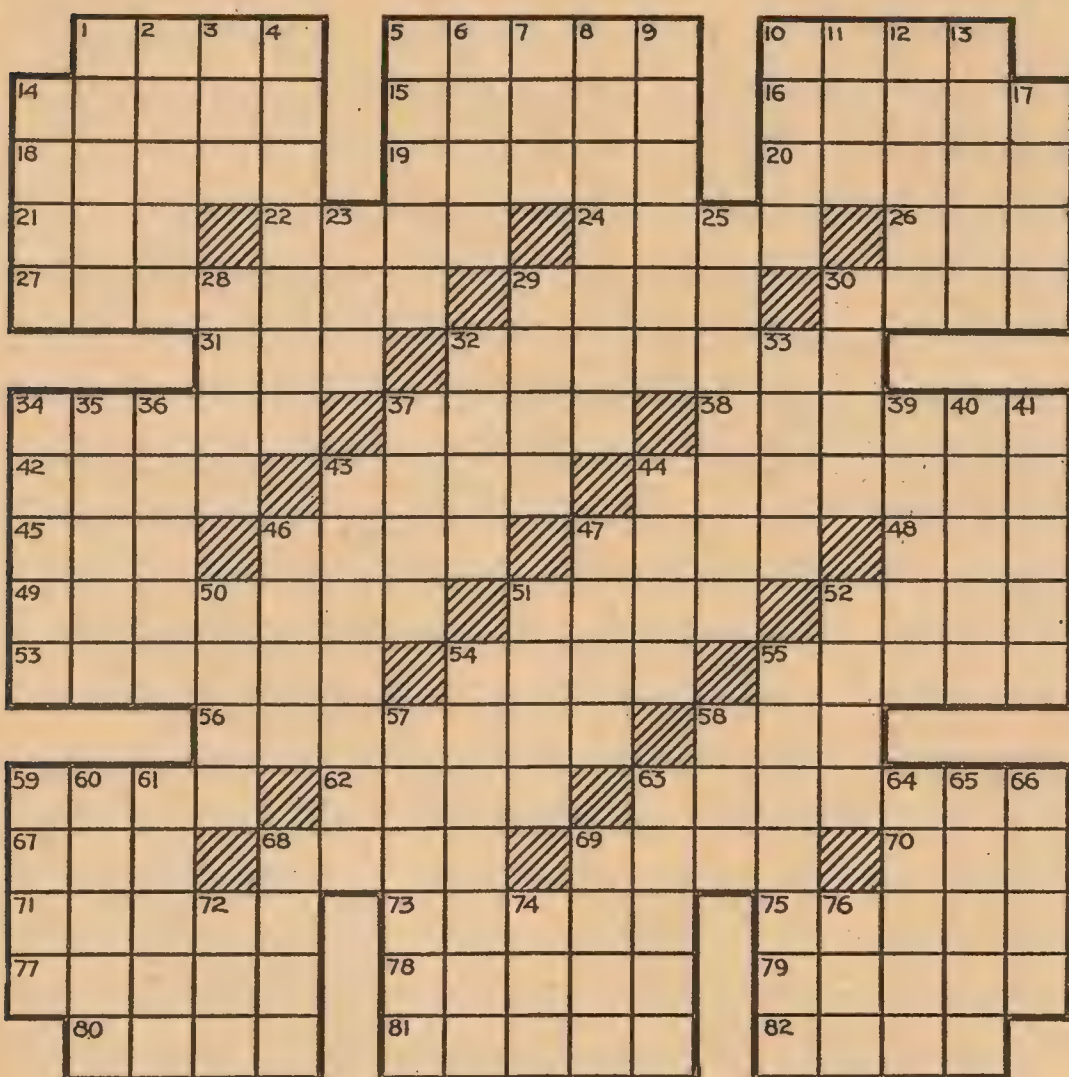
He crossed the room and pulled a bell rope hanging on the wall. A footman responded almost immediately.

"Ask Miss Rogers to come down at once," he said. Then he turned back to Doris. "It is quite natural that you won't believe what I say about my son. If he has convinced you that his emotions are deeply involved where you are concerned, I am sorry, because—" Margot Rogers had entered the room. "Miss Fenton," he said, "this is Miss Rogers. Miss Rogers is my son's fiancée."

What inhuman plan to separate his son from the woman he loves does Geoffrey Lorimer have in mind now? Will Margot willfully play her part in his cruel plot? A heartbreaking surprise awaits you in next week's amazingly dramatic installment. Don't miss it!

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\$2,000



223 CASH PRIZES LAST LATE ENTRY

THIS week Liberty makes the last late-entry offer in this contest. So come on, all of you folks who have been intending to compete but who have delayed for one reason or another. Take advantage of this final opportunity. Begin by solving Puzzle No. 6. That will get you started. Then, in order to get even with the field, if you have not saved the first five puzzles, send for free reprints. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 7, asking for any or all of the first five puzzles. Make sure that your request will reach us on or before Monday, May 11. No reprints will be available after that date. Get busy now while there is ample time. Your chance to win the major prize is still excellent! Don't let this opportunity escape you through neglect. The prizes *must* be paid! File a claim to your share of the easy money.

CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 6

HORIZONTAL

- 1 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
- 5 Peels
- 10 Mimicked
- 14 Declares
- 15 Endure
- 16 Made up into large bundles
- 18 Unaspirated consonants
- 19 Monkeylike animal
- 20 Join
- 21 Metric measure (pl.)
- 22 Orient
- 24 A coin
- 26 Cardinal number
- 27 Rigorously
- 29 That which causes death or ruin
- 30 Part of the head (pl.)
- 31 Playing card
- 32 A purveyor of food
- 34 The position in space of a body
- 37 Foundation
- 38 A servant
- 42 River in England
- 43 That which disguises
- 44 The produce of wine for one season
- 45 Biblical name
- 46 Reckless
- 47 Cooking utensils
- 48 Cry of a sheep
- 49 Injury (plural)
- 51 Thin
- 52 Puts in place
- 53 City in Russia
- 54 Narrow road

- 55 Debauch
- 56 Pond near the sea (plural)
- 58 Color
- 59 Detest
- 62 Greek deity
- 63 Loaners
- 67 Sooner than
- 68 Periods
- 69 Posterior
- 70 A bond
- 71 Reject
- 73 Wigwam
- 75 Avoid
- 77 Agitates
- 78 Pertaining to the Greek city of Elis
- 79 More mature
- 80 Woman's name
- 81 Colorers
- 82 Comprehends

VERTICAL

- 1 Manifest
- 2 Taut
- 3 Native metal
- 4 Necessary constituent
- 5 Paralysis
- 6 Instigate
- 7 Margin
- 8 Instruct
- 9 Calm
- 10 Border on
- 11 Greek god
- 12 Woman's name
- 13 Hinder
- 14 An exclamation
- 17 Lair (plural)
- 23 Malt liquor
- 25 Nerve tonic
- 28 Drive at high speed
- 29 To lie in warmth
- 30 Formerly
- 32 Money
- 33 Brings forth young
- 34 Old Italian coin
- 35 Covered the inner surface of
- 36 Ascended
- 37 A fish
- 39 Kind of sword
- 40 Size of type
- 41 Rent for a specified term
- 43 Conductor
- 44 Propeller blade
- 46 Woman's name
- 47 Fastening devices
- 50 Island
- 51 Revolving vanes
- 52 Hastened
- 54 Without firmness
- 55 Separates
- 57 Declaimed
- 58 Fowl
- 59 Possessive pronoun
- 60 Rugged crest of a mountain range
- 61 Warm
- 63 Charges against property
- 64 Public storehouse (French)
- 65 Goes horseback
- 66 Prophet
- 68 Woman's name
- 69 Heed
- 72 Sea eagle
- 74 Pastry
- 76 Contend against

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$500
SECOND PRIZE.....	200
THIRD PRIZE.....	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each \$10	200
200 PRIZES, Each \$5.....	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the \$500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES



MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family!

Most of you, listening over the radio, can tell just why I've given this singer or that imitator the gong. Their stuff just doesn't click. Something is lacking. Perhaps the voice is

good but the singer can't quite put it over; lacks microphone presence. Perhaps there's a "sour" note.

It is often a similar failing which keeps your cartoons and stories from appearing on this page. A drawing may have an original idea but lack reproduction possibilities. It may be beautifully drawn but its idea falls flat. A short story may be well told but trite, or it may contain a deep understanding of human nature but not good writing.

I tell you this not to discourage you but to help point the way for you courageous amateurs who try and try again and who have asked for criticism.

Better luck next time. May your stuff really click.

Major Edward Bowes

A witty quip is submitted by Oscar A. Engdahl of New Britain, Connecticut.

Lazy people are responsible for some of our greatest inventions. The common ordinary doorbell was invented by a man who was too lazy to give a rap.

"My reason for submitting pencil in place of pen-and-ink drawings is due to the position I'm in." And then Henry Bulka of Norwich, Connecticut, goes on to state he is receiving spinal treatments that will keep him in bed for months. It's a comic cartoon that's really comic. The humor is subtle—a caption is scarcely needed.



"De little darlin's jest de same ol' cook she allus was."

A short short story with a new twist. Contribution of Maurice Spitzberg of Little Rock, Arkansas.

CLOSING TIME

Pop, like all druggists, had to tolerate anything—including those two pests who thought they had a lease on the rear table and watched over Pop's shoulder every time he compounded a prescription. He wished to high heaven they'd go. Pop was tired. Dead tired.

It was nearly midnight. The very streets themselves, so alive with office workers by day, seemed to be sleeping. Pop wondered how soon he'd be able to put those strapping loafers out and go home. Wearily he glanced up at the Western Union clock.

Around the corner, just outside the store, Gory Gordon was also glancing at a clock, the one on his dashboard.

"It's time, Biff. Watcha waitin' for?"

Biff paused uneasily.

"Say, Gory, why can't we wait until he's gone?"

"Because we can't crack his safe, you jackass!"

"Gory," Biff insisted, "I don't like these downtown jobs! They're too open."

"At this hour! Why, look down the streets. We might as well be in a cemetery."

"But there may be bulls."

"And who'd tip off the bulls? Say, Biff, are you going yellow?"

Brusquely Biff paced away. Yellow? Hell, no, he wasn't! But he did wonder just how far to trust Gory. Maybe he was square, but—

As Biff turned the corner he glimpsed Pop pattering in the back. Biff drew his automatic and gripped the door handle. Then abruptly he stopped short and flattened himself against the wall. Who—who was that hiding against the wall? Who—who was that hiding behind the pharmacy's latticed partition? Grimly Biff picked out certain significant details—dark uniforms, caps, Sam Brownes, badges—an ambush of cops!

Gory had squealed! Gory! Who else would? If Biff were out of the way Gory wouldn't have to split their accumulated swag. So he'd squealed! Biff's teeth ground until his gums were numb, and his fist caressed his rod purposefully.

At midnight Pop finally got rid of the pests. Just because those trans-continental bus drivers dressed like policemen they seemed to have twice as much nerve. The worthless bums!

I am sorry, Mundy Smith of Overbrook, Pennsylvania, that I cannot meet your request to print your contribution as a whole. It is too long; but I have chosen some of your cleverest quips.

I'M TELLING YOU!

A man usually picks a soft job because he expects to lie down on it later.

A woman will try so hard to keep a secret that sometimes she has to get two or three other women to help her.

Destiny may shape our ends, but it takes exercise to control a waistline.

After marriage the cooing may stop, but the bills go on forever.

You can't judge a man by the bumps on his head, but you can tell a lot about his wife's disposition.

Robert W. Campbell of Boulder, Colorado, has managed to write a lot of human interest in his storiette:

SITUATION FOR THREE

I met them in Winslow, Arizona, on the last lap of my trip to the West Coast. Hitchhikers they were, and I answered their prayer for a ride. Once in the car, the man immediately waxed eloquent on his past, his fights, and his present difficulties, partly to convince me of my safety in his company, and partly because it was his nature to talk. The cauliflower ears and cuts above his eyes bore out his story.

She, a little wisp of a thing, whose only distinguishing feature was her flaming red hair, said hardly a word, nodding now and then in agreement as though the whole story had been told not once but many times. Only once did she speak, and then only to say she was damned glad I wasn't an Indian, as she had ridden packed between two of them all the afternoon the day before and God knew she was no squaw.

Sensing my unasked question, the man assured me that he and the Kid had been married almost a year, and what a year!

Even the accounts of his fights, his experiences in the army, navy, and, strangely enough, the state police of my own state, could not make me envious.

Perhaps he noticed it, for, giving the Kid a hug that would have broken the back of any girl I ever knew, he told me that they'd had a swell time. Of course sometimes they went hungry and sometimes they hadn't a place to sleep, but a big win balanced all that. Then they had everything—a whole suite in the best hotel, snappy clothes, and plenty of coin—till it ran out. As he added the last phrase I detected a different note in his voice. It was fear. Fear of what?

Then I saw the tragedy of it all. He wasn't so young any more, his early fame would not last forever—he was through. Perhaps he didn't even realize it; just felt something was wrong.

The desert unmercifully emphasized the fact that only a fighting spirit kept the once magnificent body straight. Its heat seemed to wilt him. Three or four times during the hot stretch he took pills which I recognized as those doled out by despairing doctors to those people visited by heart trouble. Once out of the desert's heat, however, his old jauntiness returned and he began another flood of past adventures.

I dropped them on the coast boulevard, just north of San Diego. Before I pulled on up the road he thrust an envelope into my hand with the address of a Los Angeles hotel and told me to drop him a card there. I haven't, and I won't. But I am going up to see them—the punch-drunk prizefighter, his little slip of a wife, and the coming champ who must have been born just a few days later.

Caricatures are hard to draw—especially to have them retain a something about the subject that can be recognized. The following is submitted by Cécille Burgess of San Antonio, Texas. Do you think she should get the gong?



The Three Marx Brothers.

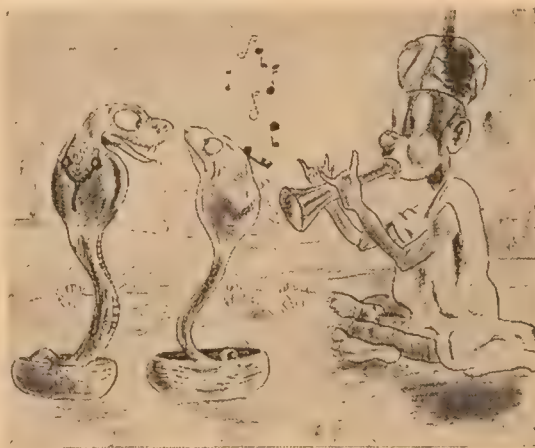
Hugh J. Lamont of the Toronto Hospital for Incurables, Toronto, Ontario, offers this slightly morbid, tongue-in-the-cheek poem:

THE FUR HAT

*The little ball of fluffy fur
That played upon the floor
Was once a real live kitty,
But now she is no more.*

*Since Baby Egbert came to us
Poor kitty had her fears;
And now on stormy days she rests
Upon our Egbert's ears.*

Once again we admit a youngster into this contest on sheer ability—fourteen-year-old W. T. Neill, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia, with his humorous cartoon.



FIRST SNAKE: I betcha my skin he plays The Music Goes 'Round and Around!

Two clever jokes that were submitted by W. Geeves Anderson who lives in Ilion, New York.

SCHOOLTEACHER: Please explain nothing, Tommy.

TOMMY: Nothing is a balloon with the skin off.

JONES: Do you remember the tame lion Bill's got that would eat off his hand?

JACK: Yes.

JONES: Well, it did.

Jeanne Hunter Praml of Orange, New Jersey, submits three verses of humorous rhyme.

ODE TO A NOSE

*Sniffle sniffle, little nose,
Which upon my visage grows.
I pray you—give me some repose.*

*My stock of hankies you depleted,
And still you glimmer like a beet.
Yea, even though I soak my feet
In mustard—still I know defeat.*

*Prithee, prithee, little nose,
Do not let us come to blows.
I beg you—give me some repose.
Else—fie upon you, wanton nose!*

PRIZE WINNERS

MARCH 14

To Barron Smith, Monroe, Louisiana, goes the first prize of \$25 for his cartoon. Second in the voting was Mary Jane Fuller, Montgomery, Alabama, winner of \$10, for her "Lest We Forget." Third prizes of \$5 each go to Byron Ragsdale, Fort Worth, Texas; R. F. Connolly, Tuckahoe, New York; and Ruth E. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HONORABLE MENTION

For this week's honorable mention I nominate Iola Evelyn Kaufman, Pueblo, Colo.; T. C. Cole, Miami, Fla.; Lillian Baas, South Bend, Ind.; Eli Krajacic, Cleveland, Ohio; Peter Bryant, Boston, Mass.; James Ciervo, Brooklyn, N. Y., for their short stories. A. Campbell, Springfield Park, Quebec, for his cartoons; and Margaret McShane, Omaha, Neb.; Isabel Kane, Springfield, Ill.; Carolyn Byrd, Irvington, N. J.; W. George Bautz, Milwaukee, Wis.; and Lou Stowe, Hempstead, N. Y., for poems.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE

Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud. Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive \$5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of \$25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; \$10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and \$5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Vox Pop

Furious Airmen's Battle Over Zero-Zero

IN FLIGHT WITH UNITED AIR LINES—Co-pilot King and I read George Bruce's story Zero-Zero (March 14 Liberty) an hour ago in Cleveland. We don't wish to criticize Mr. Bruce unduly, but his story was a little too much for our stomachs. We have taken it upon ourselves to enlighten him on a few things.

Imagine a blind man flying a ship like a Stinson, especially with the few gallons of gas it holds, to St. Louis from New York. Not so good, Mr. Bruce!

And did Mr. Bruce ever try to fly through even a cloud as large as his handkerchief without instruments—and

[My answer is, Thank God, the beef I expected finally arrived. It was inevitable. Kalberer and King are perfectly entitled to their beef, but the squawk is not quite as loud as I expected.

1. In writing a flying story for any magazine of general circulation devoted for the most part to fiction, the writer must make one of two choices: (A) Write a technical treatise on flying for readers like Kalberer and King. (B) Do a story retaining, almost by inference, the color and actualities of flying, but playing these down to promote the entertainment and emotional values of his story for the tremendous majority of readers who are not technical experts on flying.

If the author does the first, editors won't buy it, as it has no reader value. If he does the second, he gets a letter from Kalberer and King beefing like hell, and a thousand letters from the nontechnical readers who enjoyed the yarn and ask for more like it.

2. Mr. Kalberer and Mr. King weaken a good squawk by drawing unnecessary parallels. For example: It is not ordinary for a man, blindfolded, to drive a car to St. Louis from New York, or over any other great distance, but it is not impossible just because Mr. Kalberer and Mr.

not, even in smooth air, go into a spiral very quickly?

The "blind" flying Mr. Bruce has his blind pilot do is in the same class as if he had the man *drive a car* to St. Louis from New York without his eyesight!

I am very fond of Mr. Bruce's stories. He has been excellent up to now. Why don't you stick to what you know, Mr. Bruce?—Pilot A. F. Kalberer.

P. S.—Mr. and Mrs. Public know so very little about aviation as it really is—let us not misinform them further.—D. A. King.

King believe it to be. Men have driven automobiles great distances, blindfolded, under the rigid supervision of authorities who did not believe it could be done.

Again, Mr. Bruce did fly through a cloud as big as his pocket handkerchief without going into a spiral very quickly, or he would not be writing this letter. And so have Mr. Kalberer and Mr. King!

Mr. Kalberer and Mr. King further say: "Mr. and Mrs. Public know so very little about aviation as it really is—let us not misinform them further." This is in way of chiding George Bruce.

3. Mr. Kalberer and Mr. King laughingly say: "Imagine a blind man flying a ship like a Stinson, especially with the few gallons of gas it holds, to St. Louis from New York. Not so good!"

The author did not say it was a Stinson. A character in the story surmised it to be a Stinson. The author did not state the capacity of the surmised Stinson's tanks.

Thanks to Mr. Kalberer and Mr. King for kindly comment on my past performances.—George Bruce.]

NO MEDALS ON 75 PER CENT OF DOCTORS AND NURSES

TUCSON, ARIZ.—What happened to Dr. Charles D. Ottosen of Willard, N. M., who made apology to nurses in March 21 Vox Pop? It looks as if the hatchet gang got after him and made him run.

I have been a tuberculosis patient for the past four years in hospitals and sanatoriums, and as far as I can see, there are no medals on 75 per cent of doctors or nurses.

Nurses in tuberculosis sanatoriums have all been sick themselves. They take the job because they have to work for a living and not because they like the work.

The average nurse in a t. b. sanatorium has no education and cannot pass state board examinations. And as far as the average doctor is concerned, he would not recognize a case of tuberculosis until after a post-mortem.

Nearly every case of advanced tuberculosis is the fault of some neighborhood doctor.

If the sanatoriums would stop trying to save money at the patients' expense, and lower the expenses of the

high officials, they could get nurses who know their business, and twice as many would recover from their illness.

One bad nurse in an institution is like a bad apple in a barrel—in a short time the whole barrel is bad.—John Burns.

"BATTLE-AXES" IN CONGRESS

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—I would like to know how those old battle-axes who aspire for a seat in Congress get that way. Some of them seem to think they are entitled to it and inherit the job from their deceased husbands as if they were of royal lineage.

I think that Section Two, Article I of the Constitution says that "no person shall be a representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years, and been several years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen."

The same also goes for a senator, except the age is thirty years; and it also states that it is a *he* and not a *she* who is mentioned for the office of senator or representative of the United States.—Hiram Smith.

DROWNED IN COCKTAILS?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have just read with keen delight the first installment of the novel by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (March 21 Liberty). The story completely absorbed me. I wish to sincerely compliment Mr. Vanderbilt on his excellent work—Tim O'Connor.

WARREN, R. I.—Phooey! I thought Rich Man's Son was going to be good, but I find it is just another "cocktail story." Who cares about these "frank and daring novels of today," anyway! We can see how things are. Why rub it in?

When will some good author get wise and portray for us life as it should be? What has become of our idealists? Did they drown in the cocktails or suffocate in the cigarette smoke?—E. J. Mainville.

LIZZIE BLOTS . . . CHEAP SLUSH

DANVILLE, ILL.—The romance of domestic tranquillity among the movie stars appearing in various magazines (including Liberty) from time to time is a scream.

Picture Lizzie Blots, the Squaremont star, who has just finished making *She Should Have Known*, working in her



garden among her flowers. Gazing fondly at her is her husband, Herman.

The next scene is Lizzie in the kitchen of her Follywood home preparing dinner, Lizzie having sent the cook and the butler out for the evening because she and Herman prefer to eat alone and in the kitchen.

Scene 3—rumors are flying that Lizzie is planning a divorce from Herman. Interviewed by the press, "Absurd," says Lizzie. "Why, Herman and I are desperately in love."

Next week the newspapers announce Lizzie Blots left Follywood for Reno, where she will take up residence and seek a divorce from her husband, Herman.

For the press she gives out in a sad voice, "We just did not seem to be able to get on together."

Why all this cheap publicity slush about the movie people, anyway?—Elmer Nordway.

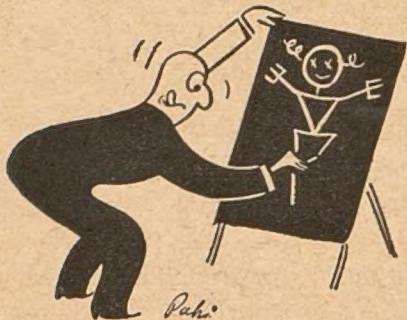
FREE PRESS . . . THAT STUFF!

FORT WORTH, TEX.—What is the meaning of free press? If you want to advertise anything, you pay for it; and if you write an article that is not in accord with the editor, it isn't printed. Now where do they get that stuff, *free press*?—W. E. Ralstin.

LOWFALUTIN CONTESTS

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—I am asking you, why don't you run some simple contest in Liberty and give us average folks a chance to win a prize? We are not all college professors.

If Liberty cost twenty-five cents I'd say run highfalutin contests; but since it only costs five cents, it seems to me it would be appropriate to run some low-



falutin ones, such as—(1) drawing funny faces; (2) alliterations; (3) name something; (4) title a picture; (5) smart sayings; (6) anagrams; (7) limericks. Why do you not run some of these and watch your sales increase, I'm asking you? I'd like to know.—*Burgess Bunn.*

CRIME DETECTOR DETECTED

DENVER, COLO.—Compare The Crime Detector, submitted by Charles S. Marvin, 14 Centre Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts (March 14 Liberty's Amateur Writers Page), with Sheik Justice, (Readers' Digest, March, 1936), and then give the gong to some one of the Major's assistants who let it get by. Seems to me I first read that story, dressed a little differently, in Aesop's Fables!—*F. V. Taylor.*

[For calling our attention to this fact we are also indebted to: "Ildoochay," Los Angeles, Calif.; D. M. M., Richmond, Calif.; R. L. Brady, Colorado Springs, Colo.; F. M. H. and J. D. A., Pueblo, Colo.; William Sullivan, Jr., Hampton, Conn.; John V. Craig, La Fayette, Ga.; D. Clinton, Chicago, Ill.; Grace Downing, Mount Zion, Ia.; J. A. W., Shreveport, La.; S. R. W., Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.; W. B. Webster, Albany, N. Y.; M. F. Hedden, Potsdam, N. Y.; Mrs. C. G. Norris, Harrisburg, Pa.; E. A. Baker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Hinton, Kingsville, Tex.; and Robert Toftness, Minneapolis, Minn.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

SOUTHERN HUMOR LOST?

ATLANTA, GA.—March 7 Liberty contains a story, You're the Doctor! by Peter Paul O'Mara. I could have enjoyed it had I not read the caption under the photograph of Mr. O'Mara.

Having been born and reared in Atlanta, a published opinion of this kind naturally had the tendency to leave a dark-brown taste in my mouth and quenched any burning desire I may have had to read his story.

In my opinion, Mr. O'Mara showed very poor judgment in expressing an opinion along this line for publication, and Liberty showed poorer judgment in publishing it.

Regardless of how I may feel

about Mr. O'Mara's opinion of the Southern accent as published in Liberty, I wish Liberty continued success.—*L. A. Smith.*

[Surely the South has not lost its famous sense of humor! Mr. O'Mara was having his little joke about the Southern accent, and hadn't the slightest idea he would offend any one.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

"GET IT WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD"

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Truer words were never written than those in Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Get It While the Getting Is Good. The entire New Deal is based on the principle of spending ourselves into prosperity.

Can there be any incentive to thrift when every small home in this country is being bonded as never before—and much of the money boondoggled away in foolish governmental activities?

Every bond issue is a conditional sale of our property to the banking interests. The interest and principal must be paid or, as Mr. Macfadden points out, we face "repudiation followed by bankruptcy."

What is needed at the helm of state is a sound-headed business man like Bernarr Macfadden, who knows that thrift is the true road to prosperity. For as it is now we are robbing ourselves by bonding and spending the savings of the small home owners, the great middle class.—*Byron L. Calkins.*

ROANOKE, VA.—The country can't spend its way into prosperity, says Mr. Macfadden in his March 21 editorial. But when did this country or any other ever enjoy prosperity without spending? To be sure, most of the spending has been done by private business; but when private business quits, as it did in 1929-32, something has to be done about it. At least that is what the American people said in the fall of 1932.—*H. E. Medford.*



"I was talking to Tony when I said 'not too close.'"

BOILING WATER GETS HOTTER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—*Tsk! Tsk! Tsk!* Not one in a thousand KNOWS, eh? It seems that Prof. Conklin didn't study his physics lessons in his time when he states in his March 14 Liberty column that "water never gets hotter than 212 degrees."

The little fact that under pressure water boils at a higher temperature escaped him.

In steam-engine boilers the temperature has to be much higher to produce steam—often above 300 degrees. Even in pressure boilers in the kitchen, water gets ten or twenty degrees higher than 212 degrees.—*Reds.*

MANHATTAN NOT WORTH \$.24

WOODBIDGE, N. J.—In 1626 Peter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians with trinkets, beads, and cloths valued at sixty guilders, or



about twenty-four dollars. History has recorded this transaction as the greatest and most profitable real-estate deal of all time..

Personally, I believe Minuit got stuck. For centuries preceding this transfer the Indians lived happily and freely on Manhattan Island without the aid of tax collectors, relief organizations, and politicians. The red men were shrewd enough to let the Dutchmen carry the white man's burden, knowing full well that in time the pale-faces would make a mess of things—and I'm here to ask you if they weren't right?

If its liabilities were checked against its assets, today Manhattan Island wouldn't be worth twenty-four cents!—*John J. Lynahan.*

GUSH OF WIND

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have read Vox Pop for nine years and heretofore have had no complaints. But after reading a gush of wind on women in radio, written by a male egg who calls himself Noel Ward (February 29 issue), I got so mad I felt like going all the way to Montpelier, Vermont, to slap his face.

If the girls of Vermont let him get away with his blah, I'm glad I wasn't born in Vermont.

The very idea! Why, some of the most famous people in radio are women with lovely soothing voices.—*Theressa L. Hartlett*

IT HAPPENED IN...

WORCESTER, MASS.—Shrieks of pain punctuated by cries of "Murder!" caused a woman to telephone excitedly to Police Headquarters that a man was being killed.

A squad of officers was hurried to the vicinity and it reported, "No service."

The cries came from a man in a dentist's chair.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—United States Meteorologist R. P. Powell at the Weather Bureau warned:

"Subzero temperatures are coming. Be sure and turn off your water lines at the meter lest the pipes freeze and burst."

Plumbers reported but one case of frozen lines—at the home of Meteorologist Powell. He forgot to shut the water off.

EVANSTON, ILL.—A young woman signaled the North Evanston bus, and, when it stopped, put her foot on the step, tied her shoe, smiled at the conductor, and walked away.



HAPPY HAPPENINGS

James A. Garfield was the ambitious son of a poor farmer in Ohio, and, his father being ill, it was necessary for the boy to go to work at the age of ten years. As he was too young to run the farm, he got a job as canal mule driver. He was severely kicked by a mule and was home.

The local preacher, visiting the family, and the injured boy was bright, lent him books and aroused his interest in learning. Garfield never went back to the canal. He became a schoolteacher, working as a carpenter in his spare time. He saved enough to go through college, entered politics, became a lawyer, entered the Civil War, served gallantly, was elected to Congress and finally to the Presidency. Garfield always said, "It was a Democratic mule that put me into the Presidency."

—Roy L. McCardell.

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C O N T E N T S

<i>Short Stories</i>	Take Some of My Luck....Josephine Bentham	10
	The Saga of Ring-neck.....Paul Annixter	30
	Elementary, My Dear Watson!—Liberty's Short Short	
	Sidney Bowen	46
	Mr. Dunkle's Diary.....Norman Anthony	47

<i>Serials</i>	Without Warning—Part IV..Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty	24
	Company of the Damned—Part V. Captain W. J. Blackledge	36
	Rich Man's Son—Part VII.....Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	52

<i>Articles</i>	Can Our Government Survive?.....William E. Borah	7
	War, Communism, Fascism threaten, says an eminent statesman. Their perils are real and imminent; only wise vigilance can save us	
	Ethiopian Side Show.....Kenneth Brown Collings	17
	Revealing glimpses of Haile Selassie's invaded kingdom as Liberty's special observer saw it	
	Why Did You Kill Me?.....Bruno Richard Hauptmann	18
	The condemned man's last words, hitherto unpublished, in which he reviews and analyzes the evidence for and against him and challenges his accusers, his judges, and you!	
	The Private Life of a Baseball Wife.....Mrs. Joe Cronin	49
	The confidences and confessions of one who considers herself "a necessity and a handicap"	

<i>Features</i>	Editorial.....Bernarr Macfadden	4
	Fashion Flashes from Paris.....Doramiller	14
	Twenty Questions.....	22
	The Spider's Eye.....Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon	23
	Winners in the President's Mystery Story Contest.....	35
	Effervescent, Exuberant, Exciting—Movie reviews	
	Beverly Hills	43
	Good Books.....Oliver Swift	45
	'Tisn't So.....R. E. Doan	50
	To the Ladies!.....Princess Alexandra Kropotkin	51
	\$2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest.....	57
	Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes	58
	Vox Pop.....	60
	It Happened In—.....	62
	The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.	
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MARY PICKFORD

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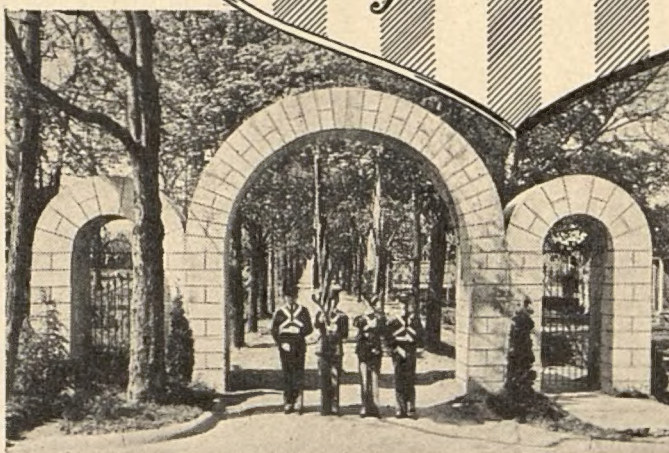
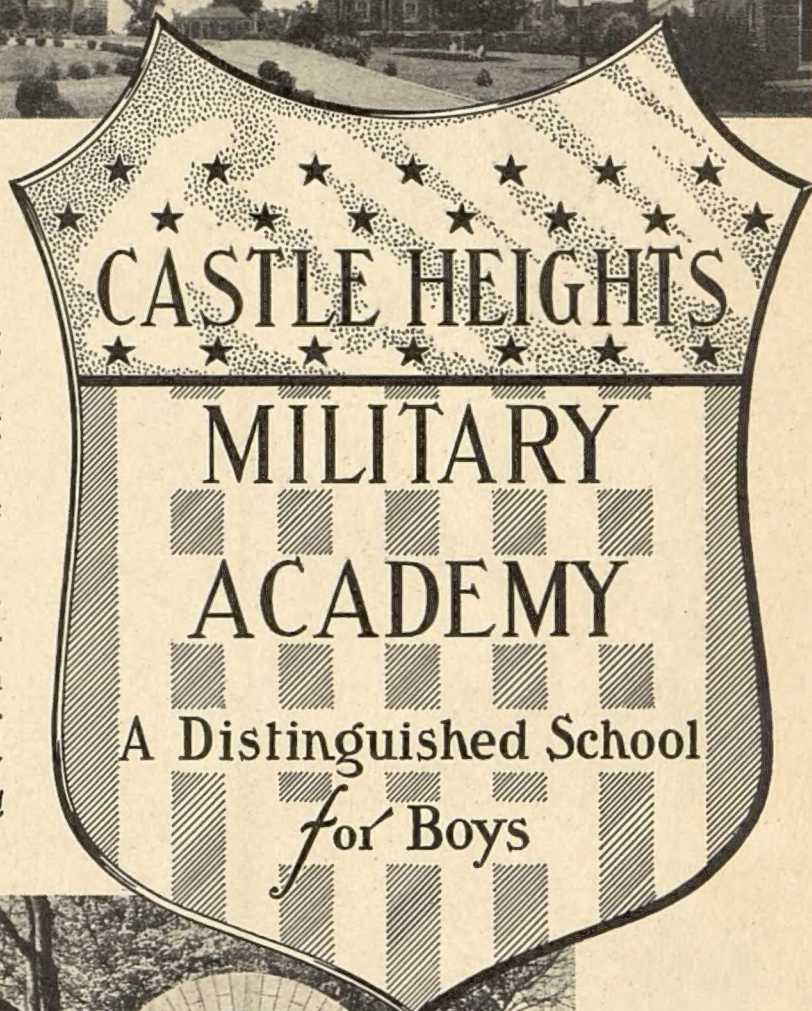
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